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THE FOREIGN OFFICE MEETING.

THE meeting of the Conservative party which was held at the Foreign Office on Monday was in many ways satisfactory. It showed a good understanding between the leaders and the rank and file, a fair determination on the part of the former to lead with decision, and a laudable purpose on the part of the latter to apply gentle persuasion in case of lagging. There was no sign of any discouragement—as, indeed, there were no reasons for any. He must be a very faint-hearted Conservative who despairs of his cause because one of the most Radical towns in Lancashire—a town in which there is an Irish vote many hundreds strong, and a fanatical temperance party whose aid the Gladstonian candidate bought—returns one of the chief of Lancashire Radicals against a Conservative by a much smaller majority on a much larger poll than on the last occasion when a Radical and a Tory contested the seat. As for the defection of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, which was to cover the Tory party with confusion and fill it with disarray, the consequences of it are now as little in evidence as Lord RANDOLPH himself. It has been rightly thought proper to lay stress on the friendly reference made to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer by Lord SALISBURY and endorsed by the meeting. It is not possible for reasonable Conservatives to give Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL all the rope which he seems to require for his eccentric excursions; but it will certainly be his own fault if he is not welcomed and a decent allowance of fatted calf allotted him when and if he chooses to return. Meanwhile no real misfortune has befallen the party, and (except in reference to one matter, of which more presently) no very grave blunders have been committed. The foreign policy of the Government could hardly have received a greater compliment than the fact that Mr. LABOUCHERE had to be selected to head an attack upon it. The postal difficulty, by which some very unmerited unpopularity had been incurred, and which perhaps lost Mr. GOSCHEN his seat at Liverpool, has been settled. There does not seem to be much fear of a party schism in respect of Procedure, and the new Leader of the House, in conjunction with the SPEAKER, has proved himself able to maintain the dignity and order of debate. We have, indeed, forgotten Lord DUNRAVEN, though Lord DUNRAVEN on his side is sure not to have forgotten the speech which followed his very singular “explanation.”

On one point only was discontent expressed at the Foreign Office, and there the complainants were practically met beforehand with a plea of Guilty. Lord SALISBURY's argument that the Government have not neglected any power which they possess for coping with the present semi-rebellion in Ireland would be an excellent argument but for one little fact which both the speaker and all his hearers knew perfectly well. It lay, indeed, hardly in the mouths of the rank and file of the Conservative party, who made no complaint at the time, and it lies still less in the mouths of those newspaper advisers who either positively recommended the dropping of Coercion or did not argue against it, to reproach Lord SALISBURY. But those who strenuously and almost alone took the other side may be pardoned for insisting, short of tediousness, on the justification which time has supplied for their position. If, when the Conservatives came into power, steps had been taken at once for the renewal and strengthening of the extraordinary powers of the Administration in case of need, no harder task would have been incurred than now lies on the Government, Mr. GLADSTONE's hand

would have been forced, the reproach (not justified, indeed, by facts, but capable of being used by unscrupulous opponents to deceive ignorant voters) that the Tories were coquetting with the Irish would have been made impossible, the Unionist party would have been formed earlier, more solidly, and with a cleaner bill of health, and last, but—in Lord SALISBURY's eyes, whatever may be the case with some of his colleagues—surely not least, the plain straightforward means to obtain the national ends would have been taken at whatever imaginary cost to party interests. It was not done, and all men know what has come of not doing it. The murders of BYERS and MURPHY, with Archbishop CROKE preaching refusal of taxes, by way of funeral sermon over them, are but the last and the most striking comment on the fatal unwisdom of flinching from the inevitable. The task has now to be undertaken with, it is true, a larger backing for the Government, but also with a much increased Irish opposition, who are now strengthened by a large section of the Liberal-Radical party, embittered by defeat to such an extent that, as the debate on the Address shows, no Parliamentary tactics, however disgraceful, will seem to them a disgrace, and pledged by constant iteration to think the Irish abettors of murder and treason and robbery amiable patriots, whose worst fault is a little formal irregularity. The renewal of Coercion might at first have been refused, but would have brought the Tory party back to power with a clearer record and conscience; the re-introduction of it may be obtained, but only after a very arduous, and in some respects damaging, struggle.

Arduous or even damaging, however, as it may be, it has to be done. The more hypocritical and less audacious apologists of sedition show their appreciation of the facts by affecting to exclaim against the MURPHY outrage, and there is no doubt that it, with the murder of BYERS, and the chatter of Dr. CROKE, ought to strengthen the Government hand. So in a way ought the ridiculous spectacle of the Dublin trials and even the ESMONDE incident, which was made the subject of just and severe comment at the meeting. Sir THOMAS ESMONDE's appointment as High Sheriff has, it seems, been revoked, and unless he has grounds for bringing an action against the newspapers that represented him as riding about the country the other day convening illegal meetings and stimulating the people to disobey and resist the police, he has certainly himself to thank for it. But the mere fact that such a man should have been selected for such a position emphasizes the absurdity of the course which has been pursued in Ireland. It may seem extraordinary that any Englishmen, however ignorant or however poisoned by political partisanship, should espouse a cause so damned and disgraced by crime as that of Home Rule. It is strange that the Burnley voters, for instance, who voted for Mr. SLAGG, the other day, should not have known or should have disregarded the fact that they were voting, not for Mr. SLAGG, not for Mr. GLADSTONE, but for entrusting the lives and fortunes of all Ireland to the men who murdered BYERS, who murdered MURPHY, who defrauded their creditors, who instigate or commit or excuse after commission every kind of act most revolting to humanity and most fatal to social order. But when the slackness, the indecision, the juggling of those whom no ignorance and no political partisanship can excuse are considered, a kind of apology is made for the Burnley cornerman who gave up “puncing” his neighbours for a time in order to go and vote for “SLAGG and Moon-lighting.” The facetious argument respecting the righteousness of that which parsons use and the lawfulness

of that which lawyers do not refuse may seem half to extend to practices which are so slackly combated, so weakly put down by a Government entrusted by the Sovereign and the nation with the duty of protecting the innocent against the guilty. It is true, of course, that the carrying of the Procedure resolutions may expedite the future measures for the better government of Ireland. But meanwhile the men of action of the Parnellite party are murdering and plundering, and their men of speech are making a mockery of justice and its proceedings with Mr. HEALY and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, or advising the refusal of taxes with Dr. CROKE, or taxing the resources of the SPEAKER and the patience of the House of Commons with the COXES and the GILLHOOLYS and the CONYBEARES. By all means let measures be taken for abating both classes of pest, the acting criminal and the talking nuisance. But to give the talker precedence over the doer is surely a grievous mistake. This, we believe, was the opinion of the meeting on Monday, and this we feel sure is the opinion of the majority of honest men throughout the country.

GLADSTONIAN LOYALTY.

THE *Scotsman*, which had been for many years the chief organ of the Liberal party in Scotland, declined to follow Mr. GLADSTONE when he suddenly became a convert to the doctrine of Home Rule. A journal was consequently founded, under the name of the *Scottish Leader*, to represent the new Liberal policy, consisting in blind obedience to Mr. GLADSTONE. The creed of the *Leader* found acceptance, as might have been expected, with the founder and chief prophet of the sect. Mr. GLADSTONE publicly welcomed the establishment of a paper which has since been understood as the official exponent of his opinions and intentions. It is not supposed that he is the *causa causans*, or direct author of all the statements or proposals which appear in the *Leader*, but he is understood to be the *causa sine qua non*, or, in other words, nothing important is likely to appear in the journal which would be disagreeable to Mr. GLADSTONE. The editor is, of course, liable to misapprehension of the wishes of his political superior; but unless his treatment of important questions is disavowed, Scotch Liberals of the Separatist section are justified in the belief that their organ represents the policy of the party. Mr. GLADSTONE avowedly encouraged the enterprise for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the *Scotsman*, consistently disliking in Scotland, as in London, the existence of an independent press. If the *Leader* were to disassociate itself from his policy, it would undoubtedly forfeit his patronage. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE discriminates between two classes of offenders against strict party discipline. Occasional deviations in the direction of loyalty and order are sternly repressed, while excesses of revolutionary enthusiasm are readily forgiven. When a former friend or colleague is engaged in an election contest, postcards in favour of his opponent are immediately forthcoming. Irish promoters of rebellion are hospitably welcomed at Hawarden, or they are politely described as "distinguished members."

If Mr. GLADSTONE happens to read the comments of the *Scottish Leader* on a meeting at Edinburgh held to promote the celebration of the Jubilee, he may perhaps think that his followers are too hasty in their attacks on established institutions. Until lately the Crown was by a tacit convention exempted from political controversy. The first encroachments on its immunity were made in Ireland. The usual compliments to the QUEEN on public occasions were withheld, and the national quarterings were removed from the flag which could no longer take its name from the Union. When the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES visited Ireland demagogues found a congenial occupation in organizing meetings of the rabble for purposes of annoyance. It is, of course, useless to protest against sedition when it takes the form of discourtesy. In England and Scotland no rebellion is at present meditated, but agitators are beginning to undermine the personal loyalty which has hitherto formed an effective bond of national harmony. Mr. LABOUCHERE and his constituents may claim the credit of having been among the first to exhibit systematic ill-will to the QUEEN and the Royal Family. One of the advantages enjoyed by the maligners of the Throne is that their daring enterprise does not involve the slightest danger. On the other hand, the tolerance of modern law and practice is by no means an unmixed public benefit. It is impossible to suggest any public good which can result from a diminu-

tion of the popular respect for the Crown. A Republican conspiracy, indeed, would be intelligible, though it might be criminal; but ill-bred sneers at the QUEEN or her descendants can only give pain and gratify vulgar spite. No original sagacity is required to discover that human nature is not perfect, even when it is also Royal. Her present MAJESTY is as little liable to hostile criticism as any present or former occupant of a throne; but it is, of course, easy to discover matter for ridicule or censure in the simplest and most dignified life.

The *Scottish Leader*, though it enjoys the confidence of Mr. GLADSTONE, appears to be one of the rudest assailants of the sentiment of loyalty. It is not even alleged that the QUEEN has given any provocation, except by the prolongation of her reign to the end of fifty years. The desire of many of her subjects to celebrate the occasion is as natural as the custom of celebrating in festive form important anniversaries or domestic events. No one is compelled either to share in the proposed ceremonies or to contribute the smallest sum to the cost; yet the mention of a jubilee is irritating to the Radical or Separatist mind, because it implies that the QUEEN holds a great and unique position. "We pass by without comment," says Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite journal, "the suggestion [probably now made for the first time] that, as HER MAJESTY has by the sufferance of the people occupied the throne for half a century, a due recognition of the not wholly momentous fact would be some direct act of Royal clemency or gracious regard." The most offensive part of an underbred sarcasm consists in the use of the word "sufferance." A sovereignty inherited from ancestors who have reigned for a thousand years, and which with one brief interval has never been interrupted or questioned, can scarcely be described as held by sufferance of the people. The difference between fifty years and forty-nine or fifty-one years is in one sense not a "wholly momentous fact," but it has been customary in all ages and in all countries to celebrate the completion of certain portions of time which are generally marked out by round numbers. The people of the United States not long since observed the anniversaries, not only of the Declaration of Independence, but of all the principal events of the subsequent war. The French have resolved to pay a similar honour to the memory of the first Revolution when a century has elapsed from its commencement. Long lives honourably distinguished by the discharge of important duties have always been regarded as opportunities for congratulation. The German EMPEROR lately recorded the eightieth anniversary of his entrance into the Prussian army; all Germany shared in the honours which were thought due to Prince BISMARCK when he had reached the age of three-score and ten. The QUEEN has contributed more than her share to the prosperity and progress of the country since she succeeded to the Throne in her early youth. Not one of her Ministers has attended during all that time more conscientiously to public business, and a still higher claim to the gratitude of her subjects consists in her blameless life. The cheap risk of insulting her is readily incurred when it is known that envy and disaffection can be indulged with perfect impunity. The danger or the mischief consists in the shock which may be offered to the general security by covert attacks on one of the few national institutions which have hitherto been generally respected. The Scotch journalist probably exercises a wider influence than the political dissenting ministers who, in the pulpit and the press, preach in an unknown language to ignorant Welshmen the doctrines not only of disloyalty to the QUEEN but of universal anarchy. The organ of Scotch Radicalism and the Welsh exponents of sectarian violence have two things in common—they cultivate, though in different degrees of extravagance, the spirit of disloyalty, and they are both devoted to the political interests of Mr. GLADSTONE. He was the first to discern the wrongs of which Scotland and Wales were previously unconscious, and he devised the remedy which, as in the case of Ireland, is the disruption of the United Kingdom.

According to the *Scottish Leader*, it would be difficult to find twelve working-men in Scotland "filled with a passionate yearning to contribute sixpence each" to a memorial of the Jubilee. The recognition of the working men as privileged representatives of the whole community is one of the most offensive habits of modern agitators. It is possible that Scotch workmen may be induced by their political guides to exhibit a disaffection which is carefully propagated among them. In England, up to the Scotch Border, the popular sentiment is generous. Women, more especially of

small means, share with pleasure in the general rejoicing, and take care that their children shall subscribe their halfpence to the popular celebration. It is unnecessary to analyse the mixture of feelings which take the form of reverence for the QUEEN. The influence of splendour and antiquity on the imagination has been illustrated by the gorgeous pomps which have commemorated the Jubilee in India. To minds not perverted by revolutionary cant the ruler of a vast Empire would in any circumstances be an imposing and almost sacred personage. The personal claims of the QUEEN on the reverence and affection of her subjects are known by authentic report; and Hindoos and Mussulmans recognize as an auspicious historical epoch the completion of a period of half a century from her accession. It is doubtful whether an equally beneficent government of a Republican form would excite the same enthusiastic interest. In England also, and perhaps in Scotland, the object of loyalty would not have been idealized if it had not been embodied in a person. An anecdote which Lord LYTTON related in the House of Lords illustrated the difficulty of a Hindoo peasant woman in understanding how the Viceroy was unable to pardon an offender on the spot. The natural character of attachment to a dynasty is faintly reflected even in a pedantic caricature. It appears that a handful of professed Jacobites still amuse themselves by a farcical desire for the restoration of the STEWARTS. The wife of a petty Italian prince, whose family were dethroned nearly thirty years ago, is, it seems, the legitimate Sovereign of England. Unfortunately the lady has not, like the QUEEN, as described by the *Leader*, been able to occupy her throne "by the sufferance of the people." A recent historian has drawn an elaborate contrast between the state of the country at the QUEEN's accession and the improved condition of affairs in the middle of her reign. It is true that railroads, electric lamps, telegraphs, and telephones have been introduced or widely extended; but fifty years ago the people had the manliness and good sense to adhere to the constitutional tradition of loyalty, although the lustre of the throne had not been increased by the character of one at least of its recent occupants. In 1837 England was more secure at home and more powerful abroad than in the year of the Jubilee.

EGYPT AND BULGARIA.

THE two most important events of the present week directly affecting the foreign policy of England in the quarters where it is most active are the announcement of the intention of the Egyptian Government to suspend the *corvée*, in spite of French obstruction, and the alleged refusal of the Porte to entertain any further propositions from that remarkable Bulgarian patriot, M. ZANKOFF. The suspension of the *corvée* is wholly satisfactory, and the brief statement on Egyptian affairs made by Sir JAMES FERGUSON on Monday night was also all that could be wished. The statement confirmed to the letter the anticipations which were expressed here as to the meaning of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's negotiations—that is to say, as to what may be called their negative meaning. It is not known, and it is not extremely important to know, what the precise propositions are which the English envoy is making. An irreverent cynic might even suggest that, as it is more than probable that the other Powers will not consent to them if they are good, and as, if the other Powers consent to them, it will be because they are practically insignificant, their fate, as well as their nature, is a matter of little interest. But we know now, on official and public authority, that, whatever they are, they are not two things. They do not include a proposition that England should retire, should leave Egypt to her own devices, and should bar herself from returning. And they do not proceed upon any idea so fantastic as setting Egypt on a sort of Belgian bottom, to be maintained there partly by her own equilibrium and partly by the disinterested and neatly-adjusted buttressing of the Powers. This being so, the garden can be cultivated with equanimity by the same beneficent and intelligent method which has already, in spite of foreign interference, brought about Colonel SCOTT MONCRIEFF's economic and Mr. EDGAR VINCENT's financial improvements, and now the suspension of the *corvée*. It is truly edifying to find Frenchmen, after straining their utmost to get the *corvée* reimposed, expressing their satisfaction at the decision against its reimposition. A great deal is sometimes written in the most polite of languages about "le cant britannique"; let it be

hoped that no rude Englishman will follow bad examples by employing any similar phrase about this little matter of the *corvée* and French conduct therein.

The *corvée* incident itself is especially satisfactory, not merely because the particular step is a step in the right direction, but also because it may be hoped that it begins a new course of proceeding in regard to Egypt generally. A foreign critic has recently, while expressing friendly feelings towards England, blamed our conduct in Egypt as characterized by insufficient boldness in consulting the interests of the Egyptians, and by a too gingerly and deferential hesitation in offending the prejudices or the megrims of other Powers. No doubt the criticism was not wholly uninspired by a (perhaps unconscious) complacency at the idea of such offence being given by England to Powers for which the writer, as a German, has no friendly feeling. But it is sound and true for all that. The spirit of the happily-cancelled LESSERS agreement and of the unhappily-carried-out GRANVILLE financial capitulation has marked far too many of our dealings with Egypt. We have discovered this or that abuse and injustice, and have determined to remedy it. Then there has stepped forward some Frenchman, or Russian, or what-not Consul, or private person, principal or agent, and has declared that this abuse is his vested interest, or that international courtesy demands that his consent shall be asked, or, simply, that he has a veto and will interpose it. And then we have very humbly apologized for intruding, and protested our distinguished consideration for him and his veto, and left the matter alone, perhaps leaving also the unlucky Egyptians to bear the brunt of the quarrel. It is, of course, not necessary to go to the other extreme, and to imitate, in respect to Egypt, the tone of the CZAR's telegram to Prince ALEXANDER, or the methods of the eminent General KAULBARS. But in the great majority of instances, by a little dexterity, a little firmness, and sometimes a small pecuniary sacrifice on the part of England, a way might be found, as has been found in this *corvée* business, for circumventing the interested or wanton opposition of foreign Powers to beneficent reforms. We are, indeed, sorely hampered in Egypt by the misdeeds of Mr. GLADSTONE, by the mistakes committed by military and civil officials, by the capitulations, by foreign ill-will, by Turkish susceptibilities. But the immense leverage given us by our position there, and by the fact that—except France, whose position is hopelessly weakened by her own action or inaction in 1882, and Russia, which has but a pretext for interfering at all—no Power really objects to our doing what we like in Egypt, so long as Egypt pays her debts, can always be utilized with a little skill and a very little courage. It is discreditable, no doubt, that more has not been done, but still a foundation has been laid.

The rebuff to M. ZANKOFF at Constantinople may be significant of a fresh turn in the weathercock of Turkish diplomacy; but it is sufficiently warranted by the mere facts of the case. The position of M. ZANKOFF in the matter has always been an absurdity, if not a scandal. If he represents any considerable party among Bulgarians themselves, there is, at any rate, no evidence to show it. As Russian candidate for the Bulgarian Prime Ministership, or whatever it may be called, he would have but a very precarious *locus standi* if he were recognized by Russia, and he has not been recognized. His demands have all along been preposterously out of proportion to any reasonable estimate of his following in Bulgaria itself; they have been neither uniform nor consistent; and the chief of them (the allotment of so many places in the Government to himself and his satellites) has been a ludicrous putting of the cart before the horse. A free election might show what amount of power the Bulgarians wish to entrust to M. ZANKOFF; it is impossible that the entrusting offhand of a certain amount of power to M. ZANKOFF can show what the free choice of the Bulgarians is. But, in truth, nobody has ever taken M. ZANKOFF's propositions seriously. He was a useful agent for Russia who could be put forward and disavowed, patronized and shaken off, exactly as Russia pleased. He might be valuable to test the firmness or the liability of the Regents. But he was not, in the diplomatic sense, "serious," though he might have become so. It remains to be seen whether, if he has really got his *congé* from the Porte, a new phase of negotiation in which Russia will act more directly supervenes or not. The probabilities are, though not very strongly, that some new phase will appear, but still not a serious one. It is clearly the game, and may be the intention, of Russia to let the matter drag. If she were wise, she

would let it drag altogether, and accept her defeat in the hope of winning another day; but, as wisdom is not exactly the prominent character of the present Russian régime, a gust of temper at headquarters may any day put the question once more in an acute stage. If, on the other hand, the CZAR is sensible enough to digest his affronts, or at least bide his time and be satisfied with pretty phrases, a considerable period of quiet may follow. Bulgaria gets on extremely well without a Prince, and indeed the most romantic Legitimist must fail to find a reason why, "in her situation," as Miss BELL BLACK has it, an imported scion of some royal family should do better what has to be done than the present Regents. A little financial assistance (such as England might indirectly and without formal guarantees very properly give) may be required to put affairs straight. But otherwise there is no reason why Bulgaria should not go on indefinitely deprived alike of the sunshine of the CZAR's favour and of that of a Prince's face, but keeping herself to herself in the unsociable, but not wholly senseless, Bulgarian fashion. The final disposition of the Peninsula is not yet, and till it is everything must be more or less provisional.

THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.

THE late M. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT used to keep a commonplace-book, in which he recorded the less judicious words and deeds of the human race. Among these he valued a pastoral in which a certain Bishop of Nantes accounted for the floods in the Loire as the consequences of Sunday desecration and the "excesses of the Press." Our ignorance of the laws of seismic disturbances (in English, "earthquakes") is so profound that perhaps some moralists will attribute the recent convulsions to the game of roulette as played at Monte Carlo. But Monte Carlo seems not to have suffered most, nor to have been the place especially aimed at by the wave of disturbance. The centre seems to have been the Italian coast about Savona and Oneglia, where some loss of life is recorded. Cannes and Nice appear to have suffered less than Mentone, and the earthquake spent its force and trembled into stillness in places as remote as Avignon and Turin. On the whole, this earthquake was somewhat out of the usual track of such troubles, moving in a more northerly direction, and starting at a point further north than is common. The Riviera has generally suffered as little as Chios, Lisbon, and the Greek mainland and isles have suffered much. Curiously enough, the sea appears to have been undisturbed. We hear of the half-naked people rushing down to the shore as the safest place, when they were disturbed in their later sleep about six in the morning. They might well have dreaded one of those tremendous tidal waves, graphically described by THUCYDIDES, when the sea withdraws over leagues of unsunned sand, returning with a fury worse than that of tide or tempest. But as berths were secured on board ship by persons afraid of sleeping in houses and hotels, it may be presumed that the sea betrayed no unusual emotion. In THUCYDIDES (iii. 89), the sea in Eubœa rushed in with an earthquake, ruined a town, and destroyed such people as could not flee to the heights; while an Athenian vessel was wrecked off the little isle of Atalanté. In two respects the recent earthquakes on the Riviera and in America resemble those noted by THUCYDIDES. They are contemporary with general political disturbance, just as earthquakes were notably frequent and severe during the Peloponnesian War. Again, people noticed a connexion in time, and appeared to have surmised a connexion of cause and effect between earthquake and eclipse of the sun (THUCYDIDES, iv. 52). Perhaps Herr FAEL may be a student of THUCYDIDES, and may have concluded that, as an earthquake followed hard on an eclipse of the sun in 424 B.C., there might be the same coincidence in 1887. According to some of the Vienna newspapers, Herr RUDOLPH FAEL predicted the late earthquakes "to an hour." He stated that the annular eclipse of the sun (Feb. 22), which was only visible in Eastern Asia, Australia, and Western Southern America, would be accompanied by extremely strong atmospheric and seismic disturbances, "owing to the coincident influence of the sun and the moon on the earth."

Nobody took any notice of Herr FAEL's prophecy, nor is it easy to see how precautions of any sort against earthquakes can be adopted. Some of the newspaper Correspondents are inclined to laugh at the fears of people suddenly frightened out of bed by the sickening roll of earth

under them. But earthquakes have the peculiar power of terrifying the bravest. Hours before men or women were conscious of any peril, it is reported that the horses trembled and were restive. Birds are said to have packed and flown away before the earthquake of Lisbon. A singular influence which is felt by the finer senses of the lower animals concentrates itself on the human nerves in one moment when the solid earth begins to stagger in a sickness of Nature. The fright of people living under toppling crags by the sea (as at Mentone), and in tall and probably not very firmly built hotels, may easily be pardoned by the most courageous. But it was an unreasoning panic that drove crowds to the railway stations. The line along the coast is sufficiently insecure in times of storms and high seas. No one can guess how much it might be cut and undermined by earthquakes. We may hope that the worst is over, and that the many invalids of the Riviera may be spared new alarms. We sincerely trust, moreover, that the man who cut himself while shaving at Nice (as reported by the *Times*) was not beyond reach of sticking-plaster.

THE GOOD SENSE OF STEPHEN, J.

THE practice of taking your fun ready made from American papers is convenient, but may be dangerous. This has not unhappily, except for a select few, been proved by the verdict in *DOLBY v. NEWNES*, tried before Mr. Justice STEPHEN and a Special Jury. Mr. HOWARD PAUL had dined with the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, and his heart being merry and naturally disposed to say polite things to his hosts, he made them a speech both funny and complimentary. The fun was a legacy from Mr. DICKENS, and the compliments had an air of being partly due to that desire to annoy a third party which had its influence on POPE. The speaker, in fact, illustrated the hospitality of Americans by telling how DICKENS "engaged DOLBY's stomach" as a relief to his own. By way of pointing the story Mr. HOWARD PAUL observed that he could not see what use Mr. DOLBY could have been to DICKENS in America. He understood when he was told that Mr. DOLBY was, in fact, an improvement on PAPIN's digester. Such was the abundance of American hospitality, according to Mr. PAUL, that poor Mr. DOLBY, though blessed with an enviable thirst and a superior digestion, came back from the States "relatively a wreck." This was part of the fun at the Clover Club, "where, no doubt, they had a very merry party and said a great many amusing things" while indulging in "that liberty of conversation which they all enjoyed, and in which some of them excelled." If it had ended there it would have been well, but it did not end there. In the United States they report everything, and on this side of the water they quote American papers. So the American report appeared in an English paper much sold at railway stations. Mr. DOLBY sued the owner of that paper, and has recovered a hundred pounds damages.

The result of the trial is interesting to more of us than Mr. DOLBY. It shows that even in these gabbling days a jury can be found to agree with the sound homily on manners which Mr. Justice STEPHEN took occasion to deliver. His lordship, who has never been wont to conceal his very pronounced personal opinion on any subject which comes in his way, did not fail to declare that he thought the practice of repeating anything which sounded amusing, without stopping to inquire whether it might not hurt somebody, or whether it was not meant to be private, was a detestable one. In his own straight-hitting way he made short work of the excuse that the "paper, called by the suggestive name of *Tit Bits*," had only quoted from an American journal. The paper with the suggestive name was sued for printing something offensive and damaging to Mr. DOLBY. It did not signify in the least that the something had been said or written by a person in a foreign country. The defendant was to answer for repeating tittle-tattle here. The general doctrine of Mr. Justice STEPHEN is one in which everybody will agree, except that part of the press employed "in collecting tit-bits to stimulate the appetites of those who, having very little wit or knowledge themselves, liked to read what was said and done by those who had more." This, it need hardly be said, is a very polite way of stating the case. As for the nuisance inflicted by the reporter, it hardly needs the help of a judge to make that obvious. In an ideal world, no doubt, nobody would say or do anything which would not

bear repeating; but in that state of things it is conceivable that there would be no reporters, or only such as would be uniformly honest and judicious and endowed with the power to state things accurately. We have not yet reached this millennium. At present publicity would mean putting everything at the mercy of men who are quite as much concerned to get hold of anything likely to tell as to learn the truth, even supposing, which would be rash, that they are all endowed with the faculty of observing accurately and reporting with fidelity. To know that your sayings and doings are thought proper subjects for the reporter's flimsy is, as Mr. Justice STEPHEN told the jury, "a great restraint upon private life and private society."

ZULULAND.

THE establishment of English authority over the remnant of territory which is now known as East Zululand is probably expedient; but, although the measure seems to have received the assent of the chiefs and of the natives generally, it is apparently regarded as insufficient. Those who were not fully satisfied requested that they might be allowed to send a deputation to the Governor; but they were informed that, till the arrangement was completed, they would not be received at Natal. Their objection applies not to an English protectorate or sovereignty, which indeed has been solicited by the whole or the greater part of the native population for several years. The complaint which they prefer is that the Boer invaders are allowed to retain the lands of which they have deprived the native owners by fraud or by force. The Colonial Government, or rather the Governor in his character of Commissioner, has declined the task of redressing their wrongs, probably on the ground that the lands which have been occupied by the Boers are not within the QUEEN'S dominions. The Legislative Council at Natal is at variance with the Governor, but he is not bound to defer in his native policy to the opinions of his ordinary advisers. There can be little doubt that, as there has been ample time for correspondence with the Home authorities, Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK has been acting under superior instructions. Sir HENRY HOLLAND has not expressed an intention of reversing or modifying the policy of his predecessor.

Three gross and wanton blunders among a series of unwise acts have mainly contributed to the present state of confusion and injustice. Sir HENRY HOLLAND, in the course of the recent debate on South African affairs, reminded the House of Commons that he had always protested against the Zulu War. Sir BARTLE FREER might possibly have been justified in seeking a pretext for war with a formidable native Power if there had been reason to apprehend attacks from the Zulu army, which was then formidable by its valour and discipline. Unfortunately he forgot or disregarded the fact that the Zulu King was friendly to the English, and that any warlike designs which he might entertain would almost certainly affect the security of the Dutch settlements in the Transvaal, and not of the Cape or Natal. In the event his power, founded on the organization of his army, was utterly destroyed. The Government of the Transvaal had, in alarm at the advance of a less powerful adversary, solicited admission into the English dominion. When both SECOOENI and CETEWAYO were crushed by English forces, the Government of the Transvaal naturally withdrew its urgent demand for assistance. It might perhaps have been judicious at once to restore the independence of the Republic; but the English Minister refused concession till the QUEEN'S troops had been defeated in a series of skirmishes; and then, amid universal astonishment and wide-spread disgust, he proposed and executed the paltry capitulation of Majuba. No other proceeding in South Africa, except perhaps the Zulu War, has done so much to impair the honour and authority of the Imperial Government. Many lives and large sums of money have been sacrificed in consequence of the surrender.

Lord KIMBERLEY was responsible for the next mistake, of which the consequences are not yet exhausted. His error was not as criminal as the invasion of Zululand, or the humiliation at Majuba; but it was committed in defiance of sound advice, and almost in a capricious spirit of contradiction. CETEWAYO had been unjustly attacked, and when the fortune of war decided against him, he was, perhaps unneces-

sarily, dethroned. His place was occupied by a number of petty chiefs, who received a guarantee of their respective possessions. It was evident to all those who were acquainted with the circumstances, except to the Secretary for the Colonies, that the restoration of CETEWAYO could only be effected at the cost of civil war, and that he would inevitably be discontented when he found that his dominions were contracted, and that a large personal property which he had lost was irrecoverable. A king, even of a civilized State, would under such conditions have to admit that his personal claims were subordinate to the interests of his country. CETEWAYO had sentimental patrons and friends who worked on Lord KIMBERLEY'S sympathies, and it was determined that the wrongs which he had suffered should be redressed at the expense of his former subjects. It was in vain that Sir HENRY BULWER, the able and experienced Governor of Natal, advised the Secretary of State first to abstain from restoring CETEWAYO, and, when his counsels were rejected, to occupy a large portion of reserved territory in Zululand as a refuge for the dispossessed chiefs. If Lord KIMBERLEY had not thought fit to reduce the area of the proposed Reserve by one half, subsequent difficulties would have been largely diminished. As might have been expected, CETEWAYO, as soon as he found himself at liberty, misconstrued or repudiated the more irksome conditions of his release. It is useless to inquire whether he committed a breach of faith in protesting against arrangements which left him almost helpless in the presence of his enemies. He had a plausible excuse in the duress to which he had been subjected, and he may perhaps not have fully understood the details of previous negotiations. Amongst other contraventions of his agreement with the representatives of the Imperial Government, he endeavoured to recruit his forces in the Reserve, which he regarded, in spite of treaties, as a part of his dominions. The result of all the confused misunderstandings was his tragical death, attributed by some to suicide. The particulars of the anarchy which followed his death need not be recounted. The internal dissensions and wars which render the Zulus powerless for defence invited the aggression of adventurers, who paid themselves for services rendered to the various factions by appropriating large tracts of land. The Government of the Transvaal has not ostensibly taken part in the occupation of territory belonging to the Zulus; and perhaps it has not power to restrain private enterprise, however irregular and predatory. The invaders have from time to time nominally established new Republican Governments, which can afterwards, according to their own convenience, either assert their independence or annex themselves to the Transvaal.

The continued existence of the Republic of Eastern Zululand and of other new and petty States would become a serious inconvenience and a source of danger if they should hereafter intrigue with European Powers. The relations of the Imperial Government with the colonies and provinces of South Africa are already sufficiently perplexing. It is necessary to respect the practical independence of the Cape Colony, and to remain as long as possible on friendly terms with the Dutch Republics which are already recognized. The natives almost everywhere prefer the protection of the English Government to the authority either of the Colony or of the two independent States. The interests of England in South African politics are few in number, though they possess considerable importance. Freedom of trade is threatened by the sudden desire of other Powers to establish colonies and trading ports in distant countries, including large portions of the African continent. Though English possessions are open to the commerce of the world, territorial sovereignty is sometimes the only security against foreign prohibitive tariffs. A more special value attaches to the possession of the forts and harbours of the Cape. The construction of the Suez Canal has rather increased than diminished the importance of the longer sea route to the East. The most solemn treaties by which the free passage of the Canal might be apparently ensured would become worthless if a great and hostile Power had the will and the means to exclude English shipping from the Canal. At present there is not even a paper guarantee for freedom of transit. Foreigners have sometimes proposed measures of neutralization which would exclude ships of war, and treaties have of late lost much of their validity. The unrestricted use of the Canal could scarcely be secured by more solemn covenants than the exclusively commercial character of the port of Batoum. As long as the Cape is in the possession of England, obstructions to the Suez Canal may be regarded with calmness, though not with indifference.

It would be difficult permanently to hold Cape Town and Table Bay if the neighbouring territory had fallen into the hands of a foreign Power. It is therefore necessary to have a foreign policy in South African matters, although the Government of the Cape must, within the limits of the Colony, be trusted with the management of its own affairs. The Colonial authorities have, in more than one instance, voluntarily remitted to the Imperial Government the decision of questions arising between the white population and the natives. The Cape Government has nothing to do with the Zulu difficulties. The natives within its borders are, apparently, peaceable and contented.

It would seem from imperfect reports of recent transactions that the Commissioner has been instructed to apply to the remaining fragment of Zululand the system which ought to have been long since adopted. Only those who have a special knowledge of the circumstances can judge whether annexation is now a sufficient security against further encroachments. The Legislative Council of Natal appears to have proposed bolder measures, and the Zulu chiefs complain, with possible sincerity, that they fail to understand the meaning either of a protectorate or of annexation. The Resident, Mr. OSBORNE, who has refused them permission to lay their grievances before the Governor of Natal, has long been thoroughly acquainted with the country. At present he may perhaps be acting under orders, but in all probability he had been previously consulted. The military organization of the Zulus which disappeared with the fall of CETEWAYO cannot be replaced, even if it were desirable to create a formidable native Power. It may probably be expedient to encourage the remnant of the nation to protect itself against external encroachments. The Caffres, as they were formerly called, including the Zulus, the Swazis, and many other races, differ in one important respect from native tribes in other parts of the world. While the Maoris of New Zealand and the Australian Aborigines are dying out before the white intruder, the South African tribes continue to multiply, and maintain in all respects their original vigour. Within living memory they have suffered great losses in wars among themselves and with white settlers; but it is believed that their numbers have not decreased. That they are capable at least of partial civilization has been abundantly proved by the peaceable demeanour of a vast native majority in the colony of Natal. It is not altogether a subject for regret that the natives everywhere incline to their English neighbours or rulers rather than to the Dutch. It is almost always safer to assume lawful power over barbarous tribes than to deal with them as independent neighbours.

OF NOISE.

SOUND, and the power of hearing it, are among the greatest, if not the greatest, blessings conferred upon the human race. If any one doubts the truth of this proposition, let him consider what life would be like without the ability to converse with other people, or to discern the approach of a cab not visible to the intended victim. Perhaps it is only those who have had the misfortune to be temporarily or permanently deprived of the sense of hearing who can form at all an adequate sense of its importance. Somewhat in proportion to its importance is the abomination of its abuse. It has this peculiar feature, that there is no escaping it. When a very hideous sight, such as a picture by—but it would be cruel to particularize—is presented to you, you can generally avoid it by shutting your eyes or turning your head another way; but when you are persecuted by a squalling cat, a common Wait, or a detachment of the organization officially described in print as the "marching, singing, and braying brigade" of the "Salvation Army," it is a more difficult matter.

Therefore every one must sympathize with Mr. JOHN MOLLOY, grocer, of Woolwich, who came before Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS a few days ago with a grievance little short of heartrending. Next door but one to Mr. MOLLOY lives Mr. AUBREY CLARK, who has kept a cock and hens all the winter, his sanguine fancy lightly turning to "some eggs and profit in the spring." The cock "is a small bird, but it has a very powerful voice," which it begins to exercise at half-past four in the morning. It is described as the "off-spring" of a similar one which died shortly before Christmas in consequence of Mr. MOLLOY's remonstrances. These were not due, though they well might

have been, to mere selfishness, but to filial feeling. For Mr. MOLLOY's mother lives in his house, and she is a lady of seventy years, in weak health, much aggravated by the untimely and continuous crowing of Mr. AUBREY CLARK's cock. The kindly magistrate adjourned the summons for a month—a time long enough to be very serious for Mrs. MOLLOY senior—in the hope that an "amicable settlement" might be arrived at. This seems the more probable inasmuch as Mr. CLARK has heard of a method of confining his cock in such a position that it cannot lift up its head, and therefore cannot crow. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS was disposed to jeer at this device, but it is a good one for all that; and, if the cock is kept in a suitable coop during the small hours, it is probable that it will not in future disturb Mrs. MOLLOY's slumbers.

This solution of the difficulty was not arrived at until Mr. CLARK had put forward a somewhat singular defence. He urged that there was a "Salvation Army barracks" quite near, and "drumming there all day long on Sundays" "from eight in the morning," and that Mr. MOLLOY did not object to them because he supplied them, in the way of his trade, with the materials for "tea-fights." He added that the "Army" made more noise than the cock, which may be true, but does not afford the least justification of his conduct. He might have added that the cock is a more deserving object than the revivalists, inasmuch as the latter cannot be expected to produce "eggs and profit" for anybody but themselves in the spring or at any other time of year. Even allowing for this consideration, Mr. CLARK's contention that because the "Salvation Army" make one sort of hideous disturbance with impunity, therefore his cock is entitled to make another, is little to be preferred to the ingenious theory propounded by Mr. HEALY to the police-magistrate at Dublin that because Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH had given, or was supposed to have given, bad advice, therefore National Leaguers might break the law. The neighbourhood of the "Salvation Army" may be, and probably is, extremely disagreeable, and we may wonder that any one should be reconciled to it even by the profit to be derived from catering for their tea-fights; but the moral is rather that they and the cock should both be suppressed, than that they should both be permitted to make a noise unchecked.

Of course the problem of dealing with noise in a great city is one of difficulty. But there are noises and noises. If any one cannot sleep through the ordinary street traffic or the common and necessary use of railways, he ought to live somewhere else. But the gratuitous yelling of steam-whistles, for the edification of nursery-maids, whose adorers are driving the engines, and the equally piercing, though less prolonged, notes of a cock a few yards away, are things that may be and ought to be prevented. The railway Company can forbid whistling in mere high spirits, and the owner of poultry can curb the vocal energy of his property by fixing a board just over their perches. As for the "Salvation Army," they will have nothing to complain of if they are forced to go and howl in a wilderness. These sacrifices are not too great to be demanded in defence of the human ear, one of the most useful, and at the same time delicate, pieces of organism that the world contains.

THE AMBLESIDE INROAD BILL.

THE House of Commons made a great mistake when it read the Ambleside Railroad Bill a second time. Happily the error has been partly repaired, and the "instruction" to the Committee which the House agreed to on Thursday will allow the interests of the general public to be represented. It seems that the persons chiefly interested in the Bill are the proprietors of the Ambleside Gas-works. Whether gas has done more good than harm in a world of books, pictures, and lovely women, we shall not assume the province of determining. The owners of gas-works, whether in the Lake District or elsewhere, have, of course, a right to get their coals as cheap as they can. But then Parliament has an equal, or rather a paramount, right of protecting the claim of the community to the preservation of beautiful scenery and national playgrounds. Mr. BAYCE, whose opposition to the Bill will, we trust, be in the end as successful as it has been vigorous and rational, drew attention to the very practical point that the Kendal and Windermere Railway, of which the Ambleside Railway would be a continuation, does not pay a dividend. Some more information ought to be forthcoming as to the real origin and the final cause of this measure. The Private

Bill Committee before which it must now go, unless its promoters should think fit to drop it, will, no doubt, clear these matters up. The supporters of the Bill, such as Mr. JAMES WILLIAM LOWTHER and Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, have not thrown much light upon the question. Some of the residents on the shores of Windermere seem to be desirous of spoiling the distinctive glories of their neighbourhood for the sake of reducing their expenditure on gas. The beauties of nature and art are proverbially appreciated by every one who does not happen to live among them. No Venetian, according to Mr. RUSKIN, ever looks at St. Mark's, while the inhabitants of Munich are asserted on good authority to be vexed with the architectural anomalies of their town, and anxious to smooth it down into a general resemblance with Vienna. But Windermere is valued in Lancashire and Yorkshire, as well as by the jaded cockney and the universal tourist. Even these humble persons, who after all are human beings, should be heard in the Imperial Parliament. Their position, indeed, ought to be carefully considered by the advocates of indiscriminate "devolution." The present system of dealing with Private Bills may be clumsy and extravagant. But it does at least provide some guarantee that the public as a whole, apart from the dwellers in the district immediately affected, will not be forgotten. Private Bill Committees may sometimes be impartial. But they are not corrupt, and corruption, as Lord THURLOW remarked when he was weighing the comparative claims of two lawyers to be Chief Justice, is a worse fault in a judge, we may add in a legislator, than incompetence.

Mr. BRYCE, having only been beaten by twelve votes in his opposition to the second reading, returned to the charge on Monday with a judicious "instruction" to the Committee "to inquire and report whether the proposed railway will interfere with the enjoyment of the public who annually visit the Lake District by injuriously affecting the scenery in the neighbourhood or otherwise." The debate was adjourned after Mr. LABOUCHERE had moved a rather foolish amendment, forbidding the Committee to take any but local evidence. On Thursday Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment was rejected, and Mr. BRYCE's original instruction triumphantly carried. The Bill is therefore, we hope, doomed, and everybody who cares for the English Lakes, or, indeed, for the recreation of the people, will be heartily glad. Mr. LABOUCHERE talks nonsense, as nobody knows better than himself, when he cites the instance of Switzerland as not having been spoiled by railways. Nothing but some great convulsion of Nature could produce a perceptible effect upon the outward aspect of a country of peaks and glaciers. English scenery is a very different thing, as GEORGE ELIOT pointed out long ago, in a passage of great power and beauty, which, though it had special reference to the Midlands, is substantially true also of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Mr. LABOUCHERE, in his part of jester to the House of Commons, may think it funny to call a railway a beautiful object. On this occasion we prefer the counsel of Mr. LABOUCHERE's rival, Mr. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM, who declared, with pardonable exaggeration, that "every true democrat, every artist, every Conservative, and every Englishman who loved his country should join in protesting against this most 'unnecessary Bill.' It is the business of Railway Companies, which Parliament should see that they neither neglect nor exceed, to take people to interesting places, but not to spoil the places themselves. The 'tripper' who looks with disdain upon the middle of Windermere, and pants to be carried five miles further by rail, where he can gaze with rapture upon the head, but disdains to go there either by coach or steamer, is an imaginary being. He is a gas proprietor, or something of that sort, made up, and very badly made up, for the character of baffled pedestrian. To call the Yellowstone Park a 'fraud,' as Mr. LOWTHER did, is meaningless. The Americans have secured for the benefit of the public one of the most remarkable and surprising tracts of country in the world. But, even if they were as indifferent to such objects as they notoriously are not, they would at least be able to plead that the territory of the Union is in no immediate danger of being exhausted. Can we say as much?

PRINCE BISMARCK'S VICTORY.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S victory in the German elections is welcomed everywhere, though not always on the same or on equally logical grounds, as a security for the

peace of Europe. That the elections themselves, and still more the electoral manoeuvres which accompanied them, exercised a very disturbing effect on certain international relations was obvious enough; but it is a little inconsistent for those who have been deploring this disturbance and denouncing the manoeuvres which produced it to express any special satisfaction with the particular out-turn of events. According to their view, there was never any other danger from the side of France than that she should be incited to some imprudent act by the provocations of her rival; and with the close of the German polls these provocations and their cause came alike, of course, to an end. If the intentions of France are really pacific, Europe has been only concerned in her people retaining their self-control during a few trying weeks. To argue that Prince BISMARCK's success makes peace more secure is in effect to justify in some degree the imputations hitherto assumed to have been levelled for purely electioneering purposes at an innocent neighbour. The possibility that, in the event of failure to obtain a national sanction for his military policy, the German CHANCELLOR would, in a sort of desperation, force a quarrel upon France, determining to fight at once lest his unpatriotic countrymen should permit their rivals to get still further ahead of them, may of course be theoretically entertained; but it could hardly find admission into the region of practical probabilities. From all that is known of Prince BISMARCK, he would, in the event in question, have been much more likely to push on his temporarily baffled purpose by Napoleonic methods in domestic rather than in foreign policy.

There is of course, however, a sense in which it is quite reasonable to regard his recent victory as a pledge of peace. The German Empire is the European centre of gravity, and irrespectively of the relations for the time being of Germany with her neighbours on either side of her, it is no doubt of the first importance to Europe that her policy should be stable and her ruler firm in his seat. A defeat of Prince BISMARCK, therefore, in a contest on which he had staked so much, and the triumph—even the temporary triumph—of a heterogeneous group of parties united only in common hostility to him would unquestionably have given encouragement to every meditating troubler of the European waters, whether in the West or in the East. The present attitude of Russia towards Germany is, in fact, even more likely to be modified by the event of the German elections than the prospective behaviour of France. To the extent of these considerations, therefore, the victory of Prince BISMARCK, more decisive and commanding as it has grown with every fresh addition to the returns, is matter on which Europe in general may reasonably congratulate herself. As regards the deeper aspect of the matter and its bearings on the great political controversies which as much and as hopelessly divide communities at this hour as it divided them in the days of HOBBS, the issue of the German contest is, to those of our own way of thinking, no less satisfactory. Any community which to the discharge of a democratic function brings the virtues of prudence, good sense, contempt for claptrap and respect for proved authority of opinion—any community, in short, which shows itself capable of accurately appraising the comparative value of words and deeds, may be said without exaggeration, in the days on which we are fallen, to make all mankind its debtors. Had the German people allowed themselves to be led away by the politicians who represented the Liberal opposition to the policy of Prince BISMARCK—men of the rhetorical phrase-mongering type with which we are but too unhappily familiar in this country—it would have been a severe discouragement to all who now see hopes of an element of sanity being infused into the methods of popular government. That a Clerical or a Pole or a Socialist or an Alsace-Lorrainer or any other honest bigot, avowedly ready to shatter the Empire in pursuit of his own political ends, should have voted against the Septennate is intelligible and, human nature being what it is, excusable enough. But it would have been another and much graver matter if the National Liberal party had lost seats in the recent election and the New Liberals had gained them. It is, however, the reverse of this operation—the great addition to the numbers of the former party and the actual rout of the latter—which has gone furthest to determine the result.

THE DARK AGES OF THE WAR OFFICE.

LORD HARRIS continues his "revelations of War Office life," and they get funnier as he goes on. His history of the bayonet-cutlasses will even be hard to beat by anything the department has yet to show. Properly speaking, Lord HARRIS did not so much give the history of this insufficient weapon as account for a recent blunder of his own. In the course of this personal explanation, however, and for the purpose of making things clear, he found it necessary to tell how the War Office has in its time done much of its work. It seems that the UNDER-SECRETARY for WAR was wrong in telling the Lords that the hoop iron bayonet-cutlasses were made in England. They were, in fact, made in Germany and at Solingen. Having confessed his error, Lord HARRIS went on to explain that it really was very excusable, and, on the whole, we incline to think that he proved his point. A man can only give the information he has previously got, and Secretaries and Under-Secretaries are in the same position as others in that respect. Now, if Lord HARRIS was misinformed or learnt nothing in his department, of course he could only impart his mistakes or ignorance to his fellow-peers.

This was, in fact, the position. When Lord HARRIS said that the bad weapons were of English make, he really thought it. About that time, however, the department was "preparing some information for the Committee now sitting," and in the course of the unwonted exercise of looking over its accounts discovered that there was a doubt. The cutlass-bayonets which were made in England, and to which Lord HARRIS referred, were not those lately supplied to the navy. What, then, was the origin of these wretched tools? Nobody knew. The War Office books said nothing about it, and it really looked as if they would have had to rest satisfied with knowing that at some period in the dim and distant past somebody unknown had inflicted these travestied iron hoops on the country. That they had been paid for might be taken for granted, and out of the taxes; but beyond this their origin, like that of Mr. YELLOWPLUSH, was wroth up in misty. Then "some one" (which his name does not transpire) suddenly had something come into his head. He remembered that in former times—so long ago, indeed, as before 1864—the Office used to buy its bayonets with its rifles, and put them under one head in the accounts. Rifle, in fact, stood for "the whole bag of tricks." Provided with this clue, Lord HARRIS went to work, and, by rummaging among old accounts and letters, discovered that the bad bayonet-cutlasses were, in fact, purchased by order of General PEEL in 1859 at Solingen. Now this is, we think, a funny story in its way. It shows, firstly, that the War Office makes random assertions about its stores, and does not even know the quantity of them till it is set to work "preparing some information for the Committee now sitting." Secondly, it shows that, unless aged wise men who remember the old times and their customs are there to give guidance, the War Office is at sea when it is called upon to account for anything going further back than 1864. There is something which Lord HARRIS was happy to add, and it deserves to be quoted. "I am happy to be able to add," said he, "that the records show, so careful was the department that the weapon should be a really good one, that a View Department, with English viewers, under Captain COCKBURN, of the Royal Artillery, was set up at Solingen to make sure that every blade passed satisfactorily the test demanded," and yet those worthless bayonet-cutlasses were purchased. Why this should make Lord HARRIS happy we cannot understand. Is it because his own evidence goes to show that, even when it honestly tries, the War Office can never be sure of getting things good? Is it because the View Department seems to have viewed very badly? Apparently these are the considerations which have caused happiness to arise within the bosom of the UNDER-SECRETARY for WAR.

PARISIAN DUELS.

THEY fight a good many duels in Paris; but Mr. CHILD's article on the subject in *Harper's Magazine* makes one marvel that they do not fight more. The occasions are innumerable, and the precautions to ensure safety are worthy of a high civilization. First, as to occasions, "all acts, words" (why not "looks"?) "writings, drawings, gestures, blows, which wound the self-love, delicacy, or

"honour of a third person constitute an offence." Then the newspaper men may well fight! No paper can be published in which somebody's self-love does not suffer. Every human being about whom the most friendly and favourable criticism is published suffers in his self-love. For example, Mr. CHILD's article is very interesting; but when he says that SAINTE-BEUVE in his duel brought sixteenth-century flint-lock pistols with his umbrella to the ground, we remain unconvinced. We fancy that flint-locks are later than the sixteenth century, which had the match-lock, the wheel-lock, and other devices. This difference of opinion must be wounding to Mr. CHILD's self-love. Is it, therefore, an offence!

If so, we prefer flint-locks of the sixteenth century, on a wet day, at thirty-five paces. Mr. CHILD has been instructed by M. CLÉMENTEAU, who was a second, about M. GAMBETTA's famous duel. The well-known narrative by Mr. MARK TWAIN is not perfectly accurate. The combatants were in the same department. M. GAMBETTA did not say, "I die that France may live"; but he said, "Now I will light a cigar." M. CLÉMENTEAU had cut off his tobacco for fear his hand should shake. It did shake, perhaps; anyway, he missed M. DE FOURTOU, a slim mark, at thirty paces. Mr. CHILD mentions a duel, at thirty-five paces, in 1878, wherein one man was killed and the other badly hit. This was wonderfully good shooting; but thirty-five paces, for all that, is a gentlemanly distance. To fight at that distance can be no pleasure, indeed; but it does not imply an inordinate desire to take human life. Twenty-two paces is quite long enough when the antagonist is three stumps. At thirty-five paces many bullets must come in as rather "long-hops."

The sword, as Mr. CHILD says, is doubtless the better weapon if you do not want to hurt each other much. Whether the presence of an umpire, "to stop illicit or even 'too dangerous strokes,' adds to the safety, we may doubt. ROMEO did no good by coming in when MERCUTIO was practising the immortal stoccado on TYBALT. "I was hurt 'under your sword,' some poor principal may say to an active umpire. Given a formal duel, in which both men can fence, and neither means mischief, the absurdity of a formal duel becomes evident. No great courage is needed for an affair of poking at each other's wrists. The danger comes in when one man cannot fence at all, and the other cannot fence well. Thus a young officer was killed, not long ago; he fought a tradesman who, probably by mere awkwardness, stopped a thrust with his left hand, inflicting another, which was fatal, with his right. This was regular two hundred years ago, now it is a dangerous *bottle*, legally, for the person who makes it. With swords and a considerate adversary, you are pretty safe, and why, then, should your honour be whitewashed by a trial which scarcely demands even pluck in the tried? On the other hand, any rowdy semi-professional can thrust a duel on a man who does not fence; and this use of the bravo is common in a certain sort of French novel, though perhaps unknown in real life. With pistols nobody knows what may happen. M. GAMBETTA may have shot sparrows with a revolver, as Mr. CHILD says; but the sparrows, like CONSIDINE's wine-glass, had no pistols in their hands. One would far rather fight an obese statesman at thirty-five yards than stand up to Mr. A. H. EVANS (without pads) at twenty-two, or face a Toxophilite armed with a long-bow at forty. As to the morality and seemliness of duelling, it is better than the Divorce Court, and less offensive than the manners which allow men to brawl and hit each other in the park or at theatres. It is less dangerous than fox-hunting or covert-shooting; and, as far as peril goes, about on a par with salmon-fishing in the lower Tweed.

CHEAP FICTION.

AN interesting problem is suggested by an article entitled "The Literature of the Streets" in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Some eighty thousand children, varying in age from thirteen years to eighteen, pass annually from our London schools, to begin the battle of life in warehouses, shops, and factories. The Reviewer discusses, with abundant illustration, the nature of the fiction most available for the entertainment of this multitude of susceptible youth. His survey is by no means reassuring, and his conclusions, if not very novel, are almost wholly irresistible. He dissects, with natural

interjections of disgust, divers types of the "penny dreadful," illustrated broadsheets, serial "novelettes," and other paltry and pernicious stuff, all of which enjoy fabulous circulation and exercise immense influence on their inexperienced readers. Criticizing with just severity the outrages perpetrated on the works of MARRYAT, DICKENS, and other masters, the Reviewer asks why there should not be a Library of Penny Fiction, honest, wholesome, and of good report! To spend millions on the education of the people, and to do nothing to compete with the contamination of gutter literature, is assuredly something worse than a blunder. Much good is effected by the various re-issues of good fiction at cheap rates that have recently sprung into existence; but it is exceedingly doubtful if these "libraries" reach that section of our juvenile population which needs them most. A three-penny book cannot compete with a spicy concoction of melodrama issued at a penny. *Velvet and Rags*, or *The American Vidocq*, at one penny each, will easily beat from the field its higher-priced rivals. The real and pressing needs of some fresh effort of competition were indicated with admirable clearness by Mr. H. D. TRAILL, in a lecture on "The Literature of Fiction," delivered last week at the Teynbee Hall. There can be no doubt that the lecturer's observations on the dominant power of fiction among all classes in the present day express a profound truth. Fiction, Mr. TRAILL thinks, already plays a much larger and more important part in literature than is generally accorded to it, and it is destined "to play a higher part than any other branch of literature." The revival of "the literature of the marvellous" now in progress, which Mr. TRAILL, with perfect truth, styles "extraordinary," is a reaction that should be welcome to all who are interested in the reform of the people's literature. It suggests the right direction of the reformer's aims. If the love of fiction is one of the most universal of youthful passions, a yearning for the literature of adventure and the marvellous is the most wholesome and active manifestation of the passion.

Like the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, Mr. TRAILL is in favour of a "Penny Library of Romance," and with magical promptitude the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge announce the existence of such a library. Similarly the Religious Tract Society may point out to the *Edinburgh Reviewer* their series of illustrated penny biographies, in response to his demand for "Penny Lives." There remains, however, very substantial truth in Mr. TRAILL's contention that the best fiction "has not yet been placed in a position to compete with the 'penny dreadful.'" There is, likewise, great force in his plea on behalf of the literature of the fabulous and the remote. Who can doubt the success of penny issues of the travels of MARCO POLO, of the voyages of the settlers in Virginia, the lives and adventures of SIR HUMPHRY GILBERT, DRAKE, HAWKINS, and other worthies? Above all, promoters of our one penny or halfpenny literature should adopt the system of regular weekly issues. We must fight the enemy in this respect with his own weapons. The youth of both sexes who are diligent devourers of the vicious stuff analysed in the *Edinburgh Review* like their exciting literature in instalments. They anticipate, week after week, their wondrous feast with a zest incomprehensible to staid folk. The manufacturers of such provender are well aware of this popular taste. So, also, were the pioneers of another kind of cheap fiction, which existed, by the way, in remoter times than some people imagine. That now-forgotten storehouse of delights, "The Romancist and Novelist's Library," took a serial form and the guise of a newspaper. Here the wildest German fiction, the works of "Monk" LEWIS, the juvenile romances of SHELLEY, the prodigious inventions of Mrs. RADCLIFFE and BROCKDEN BROWN, appeared cheek by jowl with really efficient translations of ZSCHOKKE, PAUL DE KOCK, and VICTOR HUGO. This miscellany was principally supported by readers of more or less education. Like the cheap and excellent "libraries" of the present day, it never filtered to the streets or abated by one drop the noxious flow of thieves' fiction and flashy sentiment that is always present in our great cities. The consumers of fiction are, as Mr. TRAILL puts it, a great and ever-increasing army. They are indiscriminating and voracious readers. What is required to counteract "the literature of the streets" is the cheapening of good fiction to the utmost, even to the halfpenny; the supply must be abundant and continuous, and the effort unrelaxing and far-reaching.

"X. Y. Z." AND THE RICH.

WE will take it for granted that the letter drawn up by a party of the London clergy, "conscious of their faults," and signed "X. Y. Z.," is honest in intention. The writers must be credited with having thought out what they have said, and with having said it in this way because they expected to do good. It is none the less a production of very doubtful value. There is no need to quarrel with great part of it. When the writers declare that "the rich, as a class, offer an example of living which is contrary to the Christian profession," they are repeating a commonplace of the pulpit. The same words might be used with equal truth of any class. It is unhappily the truth that for nearly twenty centuries the example set by the majority of persons calling themselves Christians has commonly fallen much below their profession. Other parts are hardly adapted to discussion in leading articles. "X. Y. Z." use phrases which have been of great influence on some of the best men and women who ever lived, and which no healthy-minded person will hear with anything but respect. For that reason it is very desirable that they should not be dragged into semi-political controversy. If anybody appears to do it, the proper course for right-minded people to take is to decline to follow his example.

The part of the letter which can be most conveniently dealt with in the way of ordinary discussion is the list of "offenders" with whom the London clergy are asked to expostulate. It includes in a general way everybody who does not make the administration of charity the main occupation of his life, or who has any regard for his privacy. At the head of the list are "Possessors of knowledge, beautiful objects, or luxuries, who do not share them with the poor." Owners of houses and parks, givers of dinners, who "invite to the enjoyment of their best those only who can ask again." At the end come "All who, having earned or inherited a livelihood, plead that they have no time to make friends among the poor, or to perform public duties." The authors of the letter are careful to say that they deprecate the use of violence for the purpose of robbing these offenders, apparently on the curious ground that the robbery would instil into the poor the vices of the rich. The tone of this sentence is not unlike a good deal of the ecclesiastical heresy which has been combined with Socialism, as it would now be called, in politics. For that reason the writers need not be surprised if the excellence of their intentions is not thought an excuse for the mischievousness of their language. The selfishness of the rich is not more repugnant to Christianity than the envy of the poor, and men who play to this latter feeling are themselves falling considerably below their profession. Their letter seems to contain a somewhat novel explanation of what is meant by charity. To hold that it is your duty to give all you have to the poor, and devote your life to religion, is one very consistent theory. Many have held it in words; some have acted on it. Again, it is an old rule that you should give to the poor without being too curious to inquire whether the gift is deserved, and for the good of your soul. It is a very intelligible, and even plausible, theory that the kindest thing of all in the long run is to give no charity at all. All these views have been, and are, taken. It is a new thing to maintain that the owner of beautiful things is morally bound to be a showman. The statement that those are "offenders" who only give dinners to those who can invite them again is a platitude or an absurdity. If the writers mean that it is our duty to find food for the starving, they are only saying what the law, speaking by the poor-rates, says with more effect, and what nobody will deny. If they mean that it is our duty to share our table with people who would be intensely uncomfortable there, they are talking nonsense. The theory that any casual pauper in the streets has a right to be received as a friend in any house he pleases to walk up to is merely ridiculous. As for the decent poor who are not paupers, they have as little inclination as any class to be at the mercy of impudent intruders.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

WE said last week that matters had already reached a turning-point in Ireland, and since then the development of the situation has proceeded with startling rapidity. The barbarous murder of the unhappy MURPHY—a crime which has even shamed the Nationalist press into at least a

semblance of indignant protest—adds one more to the accumulated evidences of a “hardening of heart” among the criminally-disposed portion of the Irish people; as the failure of the Dublin prosecution points to a progressive weakening of nerve among that section of the community on which Ministers seem to have thought that they could still rely. Of the escape of Mr. DILLON and his fellow-travellers there is little to be said, except that, if they had been convicted, we should have had better luck than we deserve. We have allowed a state of things to establish itself in Ireland which simply allows us no right to expect that any twelve Irish jurors, however carefully tested for independence by Crown prosecutors, will dare to do their duty. Government cannot hope, any more than individuals, to appeal with success to an authority which they have discredited, or to find due edge in a weapon which they have deliberately allowed to rust. They have permitted a rival power to raise its illegal decrees to the position of the law of the land; and they should have been prepared to find that a law-abiding citizen has at last come to mean a man who goes in fear of the law as laid down by the National League. Concurrently with the infliction of the rebuff upon the Government, the report of their Land Commission makes its appearance, with all its humiliating testimony to the shocking prevalence and cruel enormity of the practice of boycotting; and, as coming from such a body, its almost more humiliating reminder that law and order must be re-established in Ireland before any of its remedial proposals can, with any hope of advantage, be put in execution.

We earnestly trust that these multiplying proofs of the necessity for prompt action have produced their proper effect on the Ministerial mind. The introduction of the Procedure resolutions as the first business of the Session can be justified only on considerations of the tenor and purport of the first Rule; and so soon as that Rule has been adopted the urgency of this particular business will, in our opinion, disappear. It is, no doubt, necessary that Ministers should be furnished with a weapon whereby to overcome the determined obstruction which awaits any measure they may propose for the restoration of order in Ireland; but, that weapon once secured, the other and minor demands of the armoury can wait. We do not hesitate to declare it the plain duty of the Government to lay aside the question of Procedure reform immediately on obtaining the assent of the House to the enlarged powers for the closure of debate, and to proceed to and with their Irish legislation without a day's unnecessary delay. The now ascertained fact that they are unable to cope under the existing law—or rather under the existing administration of the law by demoralized jury-panels—with the Plan of Campaign conspirators is surely too formidable a one even for the least resolute member of the Cabinet to neglect. It is a new demonstration of the truth, long since obvious to every one with eyes in his head, that Irish disorders must be dealt with, not by judicial processes, but by direct administrative action alone. The confederacy which has wrested the government of Ireland from the hands of the QUEEN'S Ministers are not to be put down by circuitous, and in all probability abortive, proceedings at law. They must be not prosecuted, but proclaimed. Their public meetings must be prohibited, their private confabulations broken up, the whole machinery of their organization shattered. The National League must, in short, be as “roughly but righteously handled” as was its progenitor the Land League by so rigid a stickler for the sacred right of insurrection (whenever it does not come into collision with the sacred right of the chosen of the people to have his own way) as Mr. GLADSTONE. It has often, and with some plausibility, been thrown as a taunt at Conservative Governments that they are afraid to suppress seditious movements with anything like the sternness which is displayed by the democratic depositories of power. The occasion is a favourable one for the present Administration to put that taunt to silence for ever. They have, we are persuaded, the whole country behind them. Some even of the English Radical party are disgusted with the dirt through which their Parnellite alliance is dragging them, and the alliance of a few CONYBEARES and LABOUCHERES with the Irish Irreconcilables in Parliament is in no degree formidable. As to the Ministerialists, we have reason to believe that they are far more ready to applaud and support a resolute policy in Ireland than their leaders are to initiate it. The Government must put themselves abreast of their party in this matter, and at once.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHAT can escape time's all-devouring hand? A question not to be asked. Is the splendid creation of Sir JOSEPH PAXTON to share the fate of Troy and of the may-pole in the Strand? A question to be asked. It must, indeed, be answered by the public, and answered speedily. The latest accounts of the Palace are very gloomy. At the last general meeting the Chairman had to admit that the net income of the Company was little more than sufficient to pay the first debenture-holders. The second debenture-holders are threatened, and the ordinary shareholders have received nothing. The rest is silence and chaos. The Palace has many virtues. It offers concerts, fireworks, lectures, and everything which, as Mr. BORTHROP TRUMBULL said of the charade-book, attaches a man to the society of refined females. It is elegant, it is moral, but it does not pay. Nobody—except perhaps, here and there, a disinterested misanthrope—wishes to see the Crystal Palace shut up. The wilderness of bricks and mortar in which Londoners live is large enough. If one more unfortunate open space must go to its death, and if neat villas must be raised over its remains, well and good. We must bear our fate as we may, like Mr. MILL, when he contemplated, with rebellious intentions, the Deity of Dean MANSELL. But let us strike a blow for the liberty of amusement before we succumb to the Devil in the shape of the speculative builder. The unoccupied oases within easy reach of London are diminishing in number and becoming more precious as they decrease. The next generation may find out, when it is too late, that they were absolutely essential to the health of the metropolis, and that JACK, without the chance of escaping from the thralldom of stone or stucco, is not so much a dull boy as a diseased animal. The Crystal Palace Company seems to be suffering from a complaint, half of which might be prescribed by cynics as the remedy for some prominent statesmen. It is afraid or ashamed of being popular. But the managers of the Crystal Palace live to please; and, if the quotation is too hackneyed to be completed, the truth is too obvious to be enforced. There is no use whatever in appealing to ground landlords or to the patriotic residents of Sydenham and Norwood. The Crystal Palace is not a part of the British Constitution, and the question whether it is worth preserving “runs up,” as logicians say, into one of supply and demand. It must attract the people, or the people will not come to it, and it will perish miserably. The Palace may be a “monument of genius, science, and enterprise.” But such monuments are apt to be less durable than brass if they are not kept in repair by the silver of the public. A great many institutions, and the Crystal Palace among them, seem to be living in a fool's or Jubilee paradise. Their conductors suppose that somebody will do something for them because it is Jubilee Year. But Jubilees, like a higher power, help those who help themselves.

“Let once the public know,” said a Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, “that they can spend an instructive and amusing evening in the Palace, and the same will wake up from its lethargy and become astir to the benefit of its coffers.” The grammar of this passage may be open to question. But it is true, as the lawyers have it, in substance and in fact, especially so far as amusement is concerned. Instruction might conceivably be left to take care of itself. Amusement, employing the word in its largest sense, is absolutely indispensable. It has been suggested that the Imperial Institute should be transferred from South Kensington to Sydenham. But the prospects of the Imperial Institute are very bad, and unless there is an entire change of management and method, it bids fair to be a dismal failure. Those who are interested in maintaining the Crystal Palace, either on personal, social, or philanthropic grounds, may of course do something to carry out their wishes by taking season-tickets. No reliance can, however, be placed upon temporary expedients or spasmodic benevolence of this kind. The Palace, if it is to be preserved from extinction, as we sincerely hope it will be, must be conducted on strictly commercial principles, with a direct and single view to the object of procuring a good dividend by supplying customers with what they want. Major FLOOD PAGE has propounded the theory that the debenture-holders ought to take 4 instead of 6 per cent. But if they did, and we really do not see why they should, the market value of the stock would fall proportionately, and the Company would in the long run be no better off than it is now. In

the opinion of a gentleman who has spent the greater part of twenty-one years in the Crystal Palace, and who seems to have preserved his faculties in a wonderful manner, the Directors have thought too much of casual sensations, and not enough of permanent advantages. The HANDEL Festival is a great event in the musical world, and indeed it may be said that all the concerts at the Crystal Palace are good. But the HANDEL Festival costs many thousands of pounds, and only lasts a few days. Mr. ROBERT HOLT, a former tenant of the French Court, sums up his recommendations with a force and terseness which leave nothing to be desired. "Make the place beautiful everywhere," he says; "have an exhibition of national interest whenever possible; at other times a good and new, but short, entertainment that all can witness; have music constantly in the building or on the terraces; let courtesy and consideration characterize the officials; let refreshments be cheap and good; depend on the receipts at the door, instead of on irritating extra charges, and then there will no longer be a cause for whining over failure, and holding out the hat for benevolent contributions." Then, perhaps, we shall find ourselves in the Millennium before we know where we are.

MR. BRIGHT ON PEACE.

THE overwhelming help which Mr. BRIGHT gave to Mr. WILLIAM JONES of the Peace Society saved the meeting in St. Martin's Lane from its appropriate insignificance. Mr. JONES, indeed, was wholly lost behind his Chairman, and nobody has thought it necessary to report his words. With no shadow of disrespect to Mr. JONES, we venture to think that the loss was not considerable. The Peace Society and its views are sufficiently familiar by this time. It can profit no mortal to hear its platitudes repeated by any one except Mr. JOHN BRIGHT any more. To know that a member of the Peace Society came and was introduced by Mr. BRIGHT, and spoke, is enough. The matter of his speech and the form of it may be supposed without further examination to have been what the matter and form of the Peace Society's speeches usually are. With Mr. BRIGHT it is otherwise. Whether the thing said was of much value or not, the way of saying it was sure to be worth looking at. The most pugnacious man in England, without exception, is never better worth listening to than when he is praising the good things of peace.

The matter, indeed, of Mr. BRIGHT's speech is neither new nor, in the opinion of some, of much value. Strictly speaking, it amounted to little more than the reassertion of two very favourite propositions of his; firstly, that since the death of Mr. CORDEN he is the only man of high standing in England who is always right; and, secondly, that war is horrible and unnecessary. Mr. BRIGHT has maintained these propositions for so many years that they cannot be in need of any further support or refutation at this time. On Tuesday night he was less aggressive and more melancholy than usual. He insisted less on the wickedness of statesmen and more on the infatuation of peoples. A long survey of all history and a recent study of PLATO have led Mr. BRIGHT to doubt more than ever whether the people will come to agree with him, or, as he puts it, "will ever consider these matters sufficiently to free themselves from these unfortunate influences." The unfortunate influences are the politicians, newspaper editors, and so on, who think some things worth fighting for. That a universal experience is against him does not, as we all know by this time, appear any reason to Mr. BRIGHT for thinking he may be in the wrong. When he looks over the long years of his own career, Mr. BRIGHT finds that the wisest statesmen have agreed with him in loving peace, and yet that they have failed to maintain it. He would not be the Mr. BRIGHT we know if he drew the deduction that war was sometimes inevitable. There is one war which Mr. BRIGHT thinks may have been justified—the great struggle in America. Recent events, during which we have had the unwonted pleasure of finding ourselves in agreement with Mr. BRIGHT, have probably led him to think more highly of the value of force as a remedy for certain evils. With this exception he denounces them all, and in particular when they are made by this country with a view to its interests. He is not very scrupulous as to the weapon he uses. A jape against our acts of rapine uttered, of all people in the world, by a Frenchman satisfies him. He repeats a story told him by some unnamed officer about the killing of wounded at Abu Klea, and implies that

massacre of their fallen enemies is an habitual practice with the British. To stop and inquire whether the savagery of the Arabs who would take no quarter, and who struck even at the very men who were trying to help them, did not make this strong measure necessary is not Mr. BRIGHT's way. He calmly assumes that it is always done, and out of pure wickedness; for he credits the Horse Guards with being so far ashamed of these practices as to hush them up. In the mouths of most men this would be mere stupid calumny. Mr. BRIGHT has established a species of right to talk in this style by virtue of a very genuine hatred of the horrors of war, and an equally genuine dislike for the greatness of his people. "There is hardly a country in which the bones of Englishmen are not bleaching somewhere, and hardly a sea or any portion of the ocean in which English ships, with their cannon, are not prowling about with familiar keels," he says; and the spectacle is hateful to him. Unfortunately fate, which made Mr. BRIGHT a great orator, had the wickedness to make him member of a nation which has prowled with familiar keels on many seas. It is a consequence of this wickedness that, because he is an orator, the sentences in which he describes the things he hates sound so pleasant to many who disagree with him utterly. Mr. BRIGHT will probably never understand how intensely enjoyable is that masterly little outline sketch of the energy and domineering activity which he hates and the rest of us admire.

THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

THE beginning of the debate on the new Rules of Procedure has been signalized by Mr. GLADSTONE's return to his place in Parliament in the character of the "candid friend." He is, of course, all anxiety to do whatever he can to assist the attempt of the Government to restore efficiency to the House of Commons; only he doubts whether it was wise to give precedence to this particular subject, and "whether the general business of the Session will be expedited" by so doing. Again, he is most desirous of supporting the new Rules, and of pressing them upon the House; only, unfortunately, the most important of them threatens, in his opinion, to produce mischievous results, while the next in point of importance is "totally inadequate" for its purpose. Such is the sum and substance of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the Procedure question last Monday afternoon, and it may be pretty certainly gathered from it, not only that his own co-operation with Ministers will be of no very active character, but that the opposition now preparing among his regular and irregular followers will meet with anything but energetic discouragement from him. Why, we must ask, for he did not fully explain himself, does Mr. GLADSTONE "entertain the gravest doubt whether putting forward Procedure proposals is the best mode of expediting the business of the Session"? One reason suggested by him was that the question has been hitherto treated as a party question; but as he immediately went on to proclaim that a virtuous Liberal Opposition intended to return good for evil in this matter, and lay aside all party considerations in dealing with it, that reason need not delay us. As to his other "source of difficulty"—namely, that "these questions of Procedure are matters upon which individual members of the House claim the power and opportunity of framing their own judgment, and refuse to be bound by the authority of the leader on either side"—it has no existence as regards at least one-half of the present House. So far from its being true that "individual members" of the Conservative party are more disposed to reject the authority of their leaders on these questions than on any other, we imagine that there is no subject on which such an appeal for confidence as that addressed the other afternoon by Lord SALISBURY to his followers is more likely to meet with an ungrudging response. As to "individual members" of the Opposition, we can well understand that they are not so ready to defer to their leader's opinions, more especially expressed in so peculiarly qualified a form as they are by Mr. GLADSTONE; but that, perhaps, makes it the less necessary for him to give them so pointed a reminder of their right and duty, "within certain limits," of "forming their own judgment" on every one of the innumerable questions connected with the reform of Parliamentary Procedure. We can hardly doubt that they will be far from slow to avail themselves of their privileges in this respect—possibly after their leader has once more sought the retirement of Hawarden.

As to Mr. GLADSTONE's specific objections to the Ministerial scheme, they are wanting, not only in practical force, but, what is unusual with him, in the plausible semblance thereof. We may put aside the sophism—exposed even by hurried newspaper critics before Lord HARTINGTON finally gave it the *coup de grâce*—that the Speaker in administering the new rule of Closure would be called upon to "exercise his judgment" on a question of opinion instead of, as now, on a question of fact. Probably only a mind like Mr. GLADSTONE's, with "its own internal lightning blind," could have failed to perceive that his own distinction is stamped as illusory by the very phrase which he employs. We do not talk of "exercising the judgment" upon a question of fact, except so long as the fact remains undemonstrated—or, in other words, remains a question of opinion. On the demonstration of such fact there is no longer any question on which to exercise the judgment; and it is therefore only in loose and popular language that we can apply that phrase to questions of fact at all. All "judgments," that is to say, are in terms of "opinion," and the only point of possible controversy in the matter before us is whether the Ministerial proposal invites the Speaker to exercise his judgment on a more difficult, or a more invidious, question of opinion than is referred to him under the present system of Procedure. To an intelligence not refined to such a pitch of acumen as to break its point upon everything it attempts to penetrate, the question of opinion on which the Speaker will be called upon to pronounce in future is substantially identical with the one on which he blamelessly, but with a tardiness born of thoroughly honourable though inconvenient scruple, pronounces now. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, in his able defence of the first rule, has placed this, we think, beyond a doubt. The provision requiring the consent of the Chair to a motion of Closure means simply that the Chair shall be enabled to interfere either (1) to forbid the abuse of that motion for mere purposes of interruption, or (2) to prevent surprise, or (3) to protect minorities. Now every one of these objects would be secured if the Speaker merely proposed to himself the same criterion of duty as he is at present bound to observe. A motion of Closure introduced for the purpose of interruption, or sprung upon the House by way of surprise, or brought forward before a minority had been fairly heard, would certainly be a motion unsanctioned by the "evident sense" of the House; and the Speaker, in order to decide whether any given motion did or did not lie open to one of these three objections, would practically have only to ask himself the same question which he has to answer now. The only difference is that, whereas he has now to determine the precise point of time at which the question precedent to the application of the Closure is to be put and answered, under the amended rules the determination of this point would be taken out of his hands. And Mr. GLADSTONE might split every hair in the right honourable gentleman's wig before he would convince us that this does not diminish the responsibility of the Chair.

No doubt there will be a division of responsibility between the Speaker and (in most cases) the leader of the House, which, if it were possible, should be avoided; but Mr. GLADSTONE himself offers no practical suggestion whatever for avoiding it. We presume that he would not favour the only alternative to the Speaker's veto—which is to confine the power of putting Closure motions to Ministers; and, unless he is prepared to do this, it is idle for him to content himself with a mere helpless protest against "imposing burdens on the Chair." If Ministers are not to have a monopoly of this privilege, and yet the Speaker is not to limit its exercise, a fine field will be opened at the dinner-hour or towards midnight for the activities of Mr. BIGGAR. Is Mr. GLADSTONE disposed to allow that energetic personage to close debates at his own sweet will? If not, he should have made some practical suggestion of means whereby this scandal may be avoided. But his speech was curiously wanting in practical helpfulness throughout. His complaint against the Government for having added but one to the number of Standing Committees would appear to imply a belief that the machinery of devolution is capable of indefinite extension. It is, of course, severely limited, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH pointed out, by considerations both of time and space. Members of Standing Committees cannot attend at impossible hours or be in two places at once, and the admission made on both sides of the House that something must be done to relieve the pressure of private business before the Standing Committee system can with any advantage be extended, deprives Mr. GLADSTONE's objection of all significance.

The second-reading debate on the Procedure Rules was not unduly protracted, and the earlier amendments to the First Rule were disposed of with fair expedition. It is true that their character was such as to make it difficult for any one but an avowed obstructionist to debate them at all. Mr. PARNELL's proposal to except any criminal legislation for Ireland from the operation of the Rule, even after that proposal had been extended to the whole United Kingdom, can hardly be regarded as serious. As to the arguments advanced in its favour, they might have come straight out of one of those modern burlesques, dramatic or literary, the fun of which consists in their inverted presentation of facts and inferences of life. To argue that the extreme importance of a particular class of legislation should exempt it from the operation of the Rule of Closure amounts, in fact, to contending that the greater the difficulties which the legislative machine has to overcome, the less need is there for strengthening it. Such was the character of Mr. PARNELL's first amendment, and the second was like unto it. Having first pleaded that obstructionists should be left free to act in the field in which the temptation to obstruction is greatest, he then proceeded to claim freedom for them in the field in which the opportunities for obstruction are most numerous. This was, in fact, the drift of the amendment proposing to exclude Votes in Supply from the operation of the Rule, and the House adjourned while it was under discussion. The subsequent disposal of it prepared the way for what is the real point of contention between parties with respect to the First Rule—the question, namely, whether the previous consent of the Speaker shall or shall not be a condition of its application.

THE COUNTRY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

COUNTRY residents of all classes have gained immensely by the marvellous changes of the last half-century. Life in the country was wont to be isolation or stagnation at the best, and many of the remote parishes lay literally out of the world. The Lake Poets had huddled themselves together like sheep in their Cumberland snowdrifts, and cramped the genius that might have done greater things in voluntary sequestration from the society of their rivals and compeers. We see the indefatigable Southey forced to collect a library almost unparalleled for a hard-working writer of very moderate means who supported his family from hand to mouth; and Scott beyond the Border, in the receipt of a magnificent income, grumbled with great reason at the enormous cost of postages and packets, although no man had a more influential connexion, and he drew freely on his friends in Parliament for franks. The ordinary country gentleman was fettered physically and intellectually. He almost lost the habit of writing letters, and consequently fell out of acquaintance with absent friends, because his postal charges were felt to be wasteful extravagance. The trouble as well as the expense of a journey was so serious that he seldom stirred from home. There was no certainty of booking a coach-seat from intermediate stations; he could only be accommodated if there chanced to be room. Nor had he many inducements to make the effort, since all his interests were local. As for the wealthy yeoman or the well-to-do provincial shopkeeper, he would have been lost in London. Now and then a John Browdie, breaking out in a wedding frolic, took his bride and her bridesmaid on a sight-seeing trip to town. But, though he might talk till his dying day of that memorable enterprise, we suspect he was heartily glad when the "treat" he had stood came to an end. The market boroughs, though frequently more flourishing than they are now, reminded one of rich but somewhat mouldy Stiltons, matured by liberal infusions of strong ale, and smacking of ripe age and seclusion. The farmers flocked into the ordinary of a market day, to discuss the current prices of crops and cattle and to retail such venerable jests as had shaken the sides of their fathers. The shopkeepers had their familiar customers in the farmers' wives, with whom they cracked the good old jokes and drove stiff bargains across the counter. Those who grew rich enriched themselves slowly by frugal habits, and they had seldom the fear of insolvency before their eyes, since everything in the shape of speculation was considered scandalous. There would be an occasional cattle-show, a race-meeting, or a hunt steeplechase, but otherwise there were absolutely no amusements, although pipes and tobacco were in universal demand and the population contributed largely to the Excise duties. From the squire and the parsons downwards most people indulged in various strong liquors, according to their cloth and their means. As to what went on in the outer political world, they knew little about it and they cared less. The campaigns of Christians and Carlists were matters of as much indifference to them as the siege of Troy or the fall of Carthage. The grand events of the day were the arrival of the coaches; not that the loungers were looking out for letters or papers, but because at least they had the pleasure of staring at strange faces, of hearing some chance scraps of road gossip from the guards, and of seeing the coatless helpers swiftly hitching on the fresh

and fiery team, while the smoking horses that had come in clattered down the coach-yard to their stables. Yet, compared to many a country parish, the dead-alive old borough was a centre of joviality and culture. It is difficult to realize the depths of ignorance and of indifference as to national affairs among the natives of the lonely Northern Dales, or even of districts far nearer the metropolis. William Howitt has painted the Dalesmen most graphically, locked up in some wild *cul de sac* between the brawling stream and the mountains, surrounded certainly by rough material comforts, but limiting their intercourse with the strangers without their gates to an occasional visit from a pedlar or the tax-gatherer. They kept so hard a grip upon their gear, that the tax-gatherer wrung the taxes from them shilling by shilling, although the money was all ready in a cupboard upstairs, and the householder knew it must be paid. With the short days and the long winters in the shadows of the hills, they grudged fires and lights as prodigal follies, and went to bed in December soon after the sun. Except when they celebrated a birth, a marriage, or a death, they rarely indulged in any kind of recreation; and less eventful existences it is impossible to conceive. But at least those Dalesmen were in decent circumstances, and neighbours knitted together by generations of intermarriages, who would have grudged a penny of charity to the next valley, were ready enough to relieve the destitute among themselves. In many of the lowland parishes poverty was almost universal, and light seldom broke into the miserable hovels of the labourers from one year's end to the other. In many cases there was no resident squire, as there was no resident parson. It was the day of pluralities, when even the accumulation of sundry paltry livings scarcely supplied the means of providing a joint-stock curate, wretchedly as curates were paid. The rector or vicar, if he lived within reach, was content to pay an occasional Sunday visit and to scramble through a single service. If he knew his parishioners by sight, he felt that the less he conversed with them the better, otherwise his temper would have been fretted by their appeals, and his purse would have been perpetually drained. If he devolved his duties on a subordinate, of course his conscience was so far liberated. But what could a Reverend Amos Barton do for his starving flock, with his scanty stipend and his own hungry family? He could offer them his ministrations, and possibly his sympathy, which was something; but, after all, a pauperized parish looks for bread and beer, for clothes and medicines, as well as for spiritual assistance. The labourers in many of the great agricultural parishes were ground down by hard farmers, who very likely were rack-rented themselves, and who could make their own terms with their field-hands. The practical Dorsetshire wages of 5s. a week were common enough in other counties. The poor were hustled along from the cradle to the churchyard; their children seldom went to school, and it was just as well, since they had no leisure in after life to turn even elementary education to profit; they toiled while they could for a bare subsistence; they were racked with aches and rheumatism before their time; they might think themselves lucky, when they fell sick, if they had a call from the parish doctor, who probably lived as far away from them as the clergyman; and when Death brought them relief from prolonged privation, whether he found them at home or in a ward of the Poor-house, they had a parochial funeral, grudgingly given by contract, at the cost of the ratepayers. From first to last they had been fighting forward in dogged despair, without a single gleam of rational hope. As for amusement, they had never heard of it, and knew nothing of the meaning of the word. It is hard to figure how brutish a really respectable man may become, when he feels himself to be utterly forgotten and neglected.

Yet it is fair to remember that the "Merry England" of our ancestors was never altogether a myth. Dickens, in a remarkable article in *Household Words*, found it impossible to fix any epoch in our history to which the epithet could have been honestly applied. And it is true that if feudal tyranny and civil troubles are things of the past, disease, poverty, and certain social grievances must be always with us. But there were many favoured parishes in England where the poor were made as happy as could be reasonably expected. There was many a Bracebridge Hall, many a bluff and kindly Squire Hazeldean, and many a worthy Parson Dale. Fifty years ago many a wealthy landlord lived all the year on his acres, letting his farms on easy terms to respectable tenants, on the understanding that they should deal liberally in turn with their dependents; good old customs were fondly perpetuated, while new and beneficent practices had been introduced. There was the annual crowning with the primrose wreaths of the rosy-cheeked Queen of the May, with the dances round the maypole on the village green. There was hospitality for all comers in the Hall at Christmastide, with many another excuse for merry gathering when the christening, or the coming of age of the heir, or the marriages of his sisters were to be celebrated. Scott sings that "a Christmas gambol oft would cheer the poor man's heart through half the year." There the poet of the romantic past may indulge poetic license; but the poor man who lived under the protection of the Hall and the Rectory did not depend for six months' encouragement on one annual revel. He knew he had friends within reach who were ever willing to help him. Baskets were brought from the great house in time of sickness, and the cottage was cheered by the Lady Bountiful herself, or by the bright faces of her daughters. In the absence of the squire the rector was on the spot, and the rector was ready at all times with spiritual consolations. The cottage itself might be a model of cleanliness and coquettish comfort, with its lozenge windows, framed in flower-

ing creepers, its beehives, and the gay little garden before the door. Those lucky labourers had little reason to complain, and they hoped that their children might be still better off. For the children nowadays were sent regularly to a good village school, and delighted their admiring parents by the prizes they brought home and their wonderful forwardness in "book-learning." And the well-grown, though loose-jointed, hobbledehoyos who were already "sending for themselves" were kept away from the temptations of the beer-house of a summer evening. The squire was president of the village cricket club, and the players and spectators, setting wet weather at defiance, met every evening on the green. Their energy was stimulated by challenges from neighbouring associations, and these contests were as keenly looked forward to and as eagerly contested as the more scientific matches at Lord's. There was one great advantage in this friendly surveillance of the poor, inasmuch as it bound them, from motives of self-interest, to straight courses and steady behaviour. Of course there will be black sheep in every flock, and there are graceless lads who will go to the mischief notwithstanding all possible inducements to the contrary. But in those well-regulated rural parishes the lines of demarcation between the sheep and the goats were so sharply drawn that it was impossible to slip over them unconsciously. The tone of good village society was as severe as in the strictest circles of fashionable London; while, as everybody lived under the public eye, a constant supervision was exercised on all its members. Nevertheless, opinion was not too hard upon human nature, and certain distractions were not only tolerated, but considered commendable. Station had its privileges as well as its duties. The bright little inn, with its tiled roofs and its quaint gables, was a venerated institution and the resort of all the local respectability. The squire's arms were emblazoned on the swinging sign, and the house was probably kept by an old family servant. He was hand-in-glove with all the notables, and could do them a good turn on occasion. The farmers came to smoke their pipes of an evening in the parlour; the bailiff, the veterinary surgeon, the general shopkeeper, who was people's churchwarden as well, were regular attendants; even the doctor condescended to drop in now and again. George Eliot has given an inimitable description of one of these meetings in her *Silas Marner*. We could fancy the lady had been "among them taking notes," hidden under the heavy oaken table. The customers or the landlord knew well how much liquor each man could carry comfortably, and no excess was permitted. The decent labourers repaired to a room of their own, unless they preferred to be served standing at the bar. When a man betook himself to ways of wickedness, or when an idle lad had kicked over the traces, he resorted to the pot-house. Pot-houses were put down in certain parishes, where a single landlord owned everything and made his imperious will beneficently felt. As a rule, however, they were suffered as inevitable nuisances by the weak good-nature of the justices, and partly perhaps as convenient *sourisères* where the constable could collar his game. Any one interfering with them would have made himself extremely unpopular. They were to some extent supported by labourers of fair character, who obtained there the thick and loaded ale on which they could stupefy themselves cheaply. But it was in them that all the *mauvais sujets* of the neighbourhood had their meetings, where they knocked up nocturnal parties for snaring the ground game, for netting the partridges, or raiding upon the pheasant coverts. The host was, in fact, a rural "fence" and receiver; he bought the stolen game at his own price, and sent it away in his spring-cart to be sold at a handsome profit. He induced his thirsty clients to pilfer their masters, and set off against the long scores chalked up behind his door their trusses of hay and their bushels of corn. And all his sneaking accomplices were remorselessly bullied by their master, for the terrors of exposure and conviction were kept continually before them. Romantic fancies of rural felicity, even under the most favourable conditions, would have been rudely dissipated by a glimpse behind the scenes at the "Cat and Shovel" at the cross-roads.

"IT WAS A SWINGING VICTORY."

"MR. and MRS. GLADSTONE left Penmaenmawr for London yesterday morning. . . . At Rhyl the station was thronged. . . . Mr. Gladstone, in reply to calls for a speech, said, 'I am sure you are all delighted with the swinging victory at Burnley.' That, with some other remarks on the same occasion, is, on the whole, the most interesting utterance we have this week from the member for Midlothian. He has spoken on Procedure; and he has again remarked, in reference to the little matter of the theatre and General Gordon's death, that that is "simply false" which everybody knows to be simply true:—to wit, that the Prime Minister of England either went to the theatre knowing of a great national calamity of which he had been the cause, or took so little interest in the affairs of the country that he did not care to inform himself whether General Gordon was alive or dead. This is *connu*, and the Procedure speech is beside our present purpose. But it is really interesting to know that Mr. Gladstone regards the Battle of Burnley as a "swinging victory." We had thought for a moment of simply printing the "Battle of Blenheim," with a very few alterations and apologies to the publishers—though, by the way, there can hardly be any copyright in Mr. Southey's poems now. As for Mr. Southey himself, there

would be no need of any apologies to him; and the only pity is that he is not alive to give his opinion of Mr. Gladstone, which would be worth hearing to an Englishman and worth reading to a judge of style. But perhaps a commentary with some extracts will serve the turn better than a mere transcription with adaptations. It is unnecessary to print in full a poem which everybody knows by heart, and scarcely necessary to do more than mention that Wilhelmine is Sir William Harcourt (always present in spirit, if not in his far from contemptible bodily presence, with the leader for whom he has always felt and expressed such reverence), and that Peterkin is the People of Penmaenmawr—or anything else. These superfluous explanations are fulsome.

In the same way it is not necessary to force the comparison on other minor points. Old Kaspar is, of course, Mr. Gladstone (though unluckily his "work" does not seem yet to be "done"), and the "evening" is not so much "summer" as extremely early spring. Besides, it happened to be a morning. Perhaps the "something large and round" was the Burnley majority; perhaps it wasn't; again, it has to be remarked that the forcing of a parallel is always disgusting. The point of real interest is the entire inability of old Kaspar and of Mr. Gladstone to explain in the one case the fame, in the other the swinginess of the victory, and their curious indifference to some of its concomitants. The people of Penmaenmawr (or, rather, of Rhyl, but that spoils the alliteration) were apparently very anxious to know "what 'twas all about," and as for little Wilhelmine, we know how anxious she must have been—so anxious that when Mr. Raikes had to speak with her the same evening (Mr. Raikes comes from these very parts of North Wales) she was quite out of temper. Nor is it mentioned whether Peterkin, or Wilhelmine, or anybody asked Mr. Gladstone whether the murders of Byers and Murphy, and "things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory." But if they had (and Wilhelmine, at any rate, has a very tender conscience, and does not like murderers, especially when they hang about Home Offices), Mr. Gladstone would, no doubt, have fallen back on Kaspar's line of argument. Why talk of "wicked things" in connexion with a swinging victory? and as to "what good came of it at last?"—a further question put to the original Kaspar—there might, perchance, have been difficulties still greater.

"But 'twas a swinging victory."

Of that Mr. Gladstone is quite sure.

It is interesting, however, to compare the methods of Kaspar and Mr. Gladstone. Kaspar, it will be remembered, was descriptive, positive, but a little tautological. Except that it was a famous victory, and that a state of things very much like the state of Ireland followed and preceded it, he had nothing to say. Mr. Gladstone approaches a little nearer to the perilous practice of rendering a reason. "The question is, When is it to be done? It is only wasting time putting it off," were his remarkable words according to one report, which is not much varied in others. And nobody can deny that such argument as ever has been produced for Home Rule is adequately represented in these words. "It is the complete argument of the burglar and the highwayman. 'Come, old gentleman, you've got to hand out, you know, so you may as well pay at once and look pleasant.' That is what it is to those who know the question. But there might be a curious inquiry on the part of some innocent souls, What is 'it'? What is this that has 'got to be done'?"

Now as it happens there are many curious "its" belonging to the question. "It" would mean one thing to little Wilhelmine:—to wit, the coming back of herself into office. It would mean quite another to that poor widow, for whom Mr. Gladstone has not a word or a thought any more than he had for Gordon, but whose fate—to lose her husband, and be hissed by the sympathizers with his murderers—Lady Inchiquin described in a most touching letter to the *Times*, which appeared on the very same day as Mr. Gladstone's jubilee over the swinging victory. "It" would mean something similar, but not quite the same, to that other widow who last week threw her body before her husband's so that Mr. Gladstone's friends could only shoot him in the legs, where, as Archbishop Croke might say, by the blessing of God, and as good Catholics like Mr. De Lisle would say, by the help of the Devil, the shot proved effectual. It is "simply false," of course, that Mr. Gladstone swaggered over his swinging victory with the thought of Byers and Murphy in his mind. It only happened, as in the other case, that he had not a thought to spare for them or for any other victims of his own and his friends' policy. He may, for aught we know, be really sorry for the widows—especially sorry for them in that they chanced to have for husbands misguided men, who excited the anger of his "distinguished" allies—but it is probably not uncharitable to doubt his having any precise ideas on the subject at all. He is in the mood of old Kaspar:—

Old Murphy lived at Mangerton,
By famed Killarney Lake,
Till eight Moonlighters, black of face,
Their weapons they did take,
And shot him in the legs; 'tis said
Cornelius Murphy since is dead.

John Byers, too, on Monday week
They wounded mortally;
'Twas many hours afterwards
That Byers he did die;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every swinging victory.

[To wit, one
Ellen Inchiquin,
wife of a malignant
landlord
who does not ap-
prove my policy.]

They say it was a shocking sight
To see him in the cart;
They say brave patriots hissed his wife
And scorned her broken heart.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a swinging victory.

The authenticity of these artless verses will be recognized at once, for their sentiment is worthy of Mr. Gladstone, and their style of the author of the celebrated ditty about the Straits of Malacca. The piffing commentator (whom we do not quote) objects that the murder of Byers, though not that of Murphy, was before, not after, the Swinging Victory; but he evidently never heard of the Schellenberg and the other operations before Blenheim.

Perhaps we owe some apology (though only to people whose hearts are better than their brains) for mixing any mere joking with treatment of such a subject. But Eail not being easily potable, and crocodiles being tough, it is difficult to maintain any calmness in face of the conduct of Mr. Gladstone and his English followers except by help of the ironic method. As for the leader, he is so steeped in responsibility of this kind already, that a fresh coat or so hardly matters. But it is certainly a little remarkable that these new convertites of his should take so readily to the dye. In the eyes of every qualified and impartial judge in the world the blood of those two men is on every English supporter of the policy of Home Rule in hardly a less degree than it is on Mr. Parnell and Mr. Sexton, on Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh, in a greater degree than it is on the semi-brutish ruffians who actually did the deeds. Nothing will alter that verdict, which is registered already in the eternal archives as surely as any other truth of nature and history. Perhaps the fact might a little stagger Mr. Gladstone and his mild-minded followers if they could attend to it. Perhaps even little Wilhelmine would admit that it is "a very wicked thing." But the swinging victory draws off their attention; it is so exceedingly satisfactory to have got the nail, after that most unsatisfactory carpentering operation of Mr. Herbert's a year ago, well into the coffin of Peter. In the glowing light of Mr. Slagg's temperance and Irish majority surrounding objects, instead of being made more distinct, become, as was the case with Mr. Pickwick's lantern, "rather darker than before." They can't see the ugly intrusive victims, the unhandsome corpses, that point the moral of their policy; and if anybody upbraids any of them,

"Nay! Nay! my little girl," quoth he;
"Think on the Swinging Victory!"

THE CATHEDRAL OF LIVERPOOL.

THE publication of Mr. Christian's report on the three selected designs for the proposed Cathedral of Liverpool—the delay of which we regret to learn has been caused by the temporary failure in health of that useful public servant—has awakened a little of the dormant interest in that undertaking. The varying merits of the three designs were somewhat freely canvassed at first, with a confused result. But we do not think that any very enthusiastic feeling was created for any one of them. The general feeling was that while two of the distinguished architects—regarding Messrs. Bodley and Garner for the purpose as one—whose plans had been chosen out of the mass as deserving special consideration, had produced a work, the striking excellencies of which fully warranted such selection, and which on many points called forth much admiration, there was not one of them which could be safely recommended for erection as absolutely suitable for the requirements, structural, æsthetic, and congregational, of a cathedral of the nineteenth century in the second city of Great Britain. Each design had its respective admirers; each architect his adherents. The lovers of our early pointed architecture as exhibited at Lincoln and Salisbury, at Tynemouth and Whitby, could not fail to regard with satisfaction Mr. James Brooks's vigorous and masculine design, true to the purest traditions of the thirteenth century. Those for whom the style adopted by Mr. Brooks was too stern, found in Messrs. Bodley and Garner's exquisite drawings a church of consummate loveliness, more thoroughly English in character, full of the inspiration of the angel choir at Lincoln and the nave of Lichfield; while on several points, especially in the triforium and the eastern rose-window, surmounting a range of two light openings, the designers evidently had in view the glorious eastern limb or "new work" of Old St. Paul's, the destruction of which has proved so irreparable a loss to English architecture. A third class, cutting themselves adrift from all ecclesiastical traditions, both as to plan and style, and holding it as an axiom that, the requirements of a nineteenth-century cathedral being essentially different from those of a cathedral erected in mediæval times, for a widely different character of population, and for a worship in its structure and details unlike our own, it should be expressly designed with a view to those requirements, unfettered by the popular notions of the style and arrangement characteristic of a cathedral, rejoiced to see in Mr. Emerson's exceedingly bold and original design an embodiment of their views, and hailed its author as the coming man who was to do for our generation what Wren did for his, and show how to clothe the feelings of the age and the requirements of its worship in a stately architectural dress.

But we doubt if the most devoted adherents of any one of the

designers would feel perfectly easy in their mind if they had heard that the one he specially favoured was selected for erection as it stands on paper. Those who admire them most must feel their inadequacy for the grand opportunity presented without considerable modifications, amounting in the case of Mr. Emerson's design to an almost total reclothing of the structural skeleton. No one of them in its present shape can be considered by any so absolutely perfect as to be accepted as the example to future generations of the highest architectural genius of our age, challenging its verdict of approval as unhesitatingly as the Dome of the Pantheon, or the interior of St. Peter's, or the soaring cupola of our own unrivalled St. Paul's. And such, we are glad to see, is the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Christian in his able and carefully-drawn report, to which we have already referred. While Mr. Christian, though not without considerable balancing of opinion, swaying backwards and forwards, finding it hard to pass over works of so much beauty and of such high architectural excellence as the designs of Mr. Brooks and Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and, with a keen eye for its obvious defects, decides in favour of Mr. Emerson's "striking design" as, "taken as a whole, of those submitted, the most suitable for the site" and the requirements of the building—he indicates without any disguise that he would be unwilling to recommend it or any of the others for erection as represented in the drawings laid before him. He writes:—"Notwithstanding the remarkable care and elaboration with which the respective designs have been worked out, it must be considered, and doubtless the authors would agree, that they can only be properly taken as preliminary studies of a great subject on which much thought must necessarily be expended before the goal of perfection can possibly be attained. That any one design in its present state is entirely satisfactory I cannot say." And again:—"I cannot speak of any one design as perfect in itself. Each must be considered as a study, and each has both excellences and defects. Bearing that in mind, I would say that for careful study of the whole scheme and for adaptation of the design to meet all necessary arrangements for convenience and construction, Mr. Emerson's is, in my opinion, on the whole the best. . . . And if carefully and judiciously revised and thoroughly well carried out, it might be expected to produce a satisfactory result."

We do not quarrel with Mr. Christian's verdict, though we confess that, viewing the question on architectural grounds chiefly, it is not one we should have given. Mr. Brooks's stately design in its masculine simplicity so clearly surpasses those of his two rivals in all that makes for true grandeur of effect and religious character that we cannot conceive there being a question as to its superiority as a work of architecture, while in its adaptation to the difficulties of the site and the requirements of the building it is, we think, quite equal, if not superior, to the other designs. Mr. Christian allows that it is "a powerful and, in many respects, very beautiful design, in the style of which Mr. Brooks is an acknowledged master." His ground plan he also regards as "a very true one, carefully studied on pure mediæval principles, but freely treated with a view to modern requirements." Indeed, almost every part of the design receives very high commendation. The "complete and well-lighted triforium gallery, continued entirely round the church," "there can be no doubt would be a very good architectural feature"—the "lofty and well-lighted open lantern-tower at the crossing . . . would give good light to the centre of the church, and could not fail to be beautiful as well as useful." The north transept, which local circumstances dictate must always be the chief entrance to the church, with its three magnificent, deeply-recessed, gabled porches, is "really a most beautiful composition; stately in outline, solid in structural lines, and rich in detail; a piece of work pleasant to look upon." The three similar portals which give so much nobility and richness to his grand west front and "the central composition throughout" are "really fine." The whole exterior is pronounced "undoubtedly one of noble proportions and vigorous and masculine character," though, "having regard to the site—hemmed in with buildings, those on the north and east sides being somewhat low in themselves, but on a higher level than the Cathedral—the ground plot of which falls rapidly westwards—he cannot but think that the general structure is excessive in height" and too overpowering for its surroundings. So struck is Mr. Christian with the patent merits of this truly remarkable design that he evidently finds it hard not to recommend it for adoption. If he had done so, the verdict of the lovers of English mediæval architecture in its grandest, though not most ornate, type would have supported his decision. Though we acknowledge with Mr. Christian that it is not free from faults, we feel that it is a design an age may well be proud of, and which, if not translated into stone, will exhibit one of the saddest examples of an "occasion manquée" on record. The few faults noted by Mr. Christian he acknowledges to be "easy of correction" and "compensated by so many excellences that they almost make one mourn their existence." After reading his elaborate report on this design, indicating a careful examination of every feature and a high appreciation of it as a whole, we cannot be surprised at his conclusion that "it deserves very careful attention." This attention we trust it will receive.

Mr. Christian, while praising their position, as at Wells and Rouen, "clear of the main structure," fails to notice with the commendation they deserve the grand pair of towers, so dignified in their perfect simplicity, each crowned with an octagonal spire set within a coronal of gables, recalling the southern tower at

Chartres, which flank the west front. We confess that with Mr. Christian we do not see any reason for "the varying treatment" of the lower stories of these towers. If there was no structural necessity, such variation in towers designed and erected at the same time would almost amount to pedantry. We agree with Mr. Christian as to the weakness imparted to the design of the west front by the ruling lines of the aisle roofs. Honesty of treatment might be consulted and the façade converted into a magnificent whole by raising the westernmost bay of the aisle on either side so as to form a western transept, as Wren has done with so much success at St. Paul's. Failing this, an open arcade terminating horizontally, masking yet not concealing the sloping roof behind it, would remove the distressing want of which Mr. Christian complains. In connexion with this subject, we cannot conceal our surprise that this excellent architect should have referred to the west front of Lincoln Minster as indicating "the proper treatment." The side screen-works, which correspond to nothing behind them and hide the lower portions of the western towers, are an acknowledged defect in that otherwise grand façade. "Exemplum vitandum, non imitandum." But the excellence of Mr. Brooks's design must not lead us to injustice to the other two. That of Messrs. Bodley and Garner is, as we have said, one of exceeding loveliness, cast in what many consider—we must confess to preferring the earlier and more masculine twelfth-century style—the very flower of English Gothic. Mr. Christian regards it as "more thoroughly English in character than either of the other two." This is certainly true of Mr. Emerson's bold departure from all native traditions of plan, design, and detail; but we do not think the remark warranted as regards Mr. Brooks's design, which, with the exception of the wise adoption of lofty recessed portals (and these are warranted by the south porch of Lincoln), is thoroughly English in character. The chief feature of Messrs. Bodley and Garner's design is an adaptation of Alan of Walsingham's central lantern at Ely. This provides a spacious "auditorium" in the middle of the church, the pulpit occupying the north-eastern pier. The value of this is, however, somewhat lessened by what is certainly, architecturally speaking, a great improvement on the Ely lantern, the making all the eight arches of equal height and width. To obtain this extra width, and to secure the stability of the lofty external lantern, which the architects boldly, shall we say rashly, propose to crown with a lofty spire, the piers are necessarily of such massiveness as greatly to interfere with the view which would otherwise be obtained into the lantern. Practically we think it would be found that as many persons would be within eyesight and earshot of the preacher in Mr. Brooks's arrangement of a square lantern area as in this apparently more spacious area. The whole design is so beautiful, both within and without, and breathes such a thoroughly delicious fourteenth-century spirit in its most exquisite form, that we regret that there is little probability of seeing it carried out, at least at Liverpool. The elaborate character of the external architectural details is most unsuitable for such an atmosphere as that of Liverpool, while of the three competitors the designers seem to have least regarded the necessary conditions of the problem and the requirements of the church. As a contemporary has said somewhat severely, but not altogether untruly, "the whole object of Messrs. Bodley and Garner's design is to produce a fine mediæval building, not a practically suitable one." The weakest part of the design is the west front, flanked, as at Lichfield, with two towers supporting spires. The whole façade is somewhat flat and unattractive; pretty but feeble; decidedly unworthy of the designers of the rest of the fabric.

The chief recommendation of Mr. Emerson's original and striking, but to the eye singularly unattractive, design lies in its ground plan. This, roughly speaking, reproduces Wren's St. Paul's as we see it now, not the earlier design, the favourite with its author. Mr. Emerson gives us Wren's central cupola supported on eight arches, approached by a somewhat short nave, and opening into a still shorter apsidal eastern limb; so short, indeed, as Mr. Christian points out, as to be totally inadequate for the reception of the clergy and choir. The west façade exhibits three deeply-recessed arches; the whole of the front, as at Peterborough, flanked with towers, stands, like Mr. Brooks's, outside the main lines of the plan. The whole design has been most carefully considered in every part. The thought devoted to the due arrangement of every part and design of every feature has been unsparing. The skill and cleverness exhibited is admirable. But we wish we could like it better. The result of so much thought and pains is most disappointing. The chief fault is that it is a classical idea clothed, or attempted to be clothed, in a quasi-Gothic dress. We should have preferred seeing the design in its appropriate garb; or, if the attempt had been made to express a Renaissance corruption in mediæval phraseology, that a more frank adoption of Gothic detail had been adopted. It is evident that Mr. Christian, while enamoured of the idea of Mr. Emerson's design, has a most hearty dislike to nearly all its architectural details. He finds something to condemn, or little to praise, in nearly every feature. The preference for foreign detail, the elaborate sculptures with which the piers of the choir are overloaded, the flatness of the ornamentation, the minaret-like terminations—unspeakably grotesque things—to the turrets and buttresses, and many more features too numerous to catalogue, pass under his lash, mildly but firmly applied. But the merits of the plan, as an honest endeavour to design a nineteenth-century cathedral for a mercantile city of the nineteenth century, are such as, in some Churchmen's eyes, to

override all other objections; and, as we have said, he recommends it as, "on the whole, the best." He thinks Mr. Emerson's forms and outlines capable of more purely English treatment if he desires to give it. Our sincere hope is that the plan may not be adopted by the Committee, or that, if it be, Mr. Emerson may have good sense enough to take Mr. Christian's wise counsel, and entirely recast his design and clothe it with an English dress.

MUSIC AND MANNERS.

IN a brief article, considerably out of the common, the organist of the German Chapel Royal treats in *Longman's Magazine* of "Melody in Speech," and, amongst much attractive matter, lays it down that "we speak in melodies and harmonies, improvising them by the impulse of our thoughts and feelings." This not alone sets one thinking, but sends him back

Long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

"when Music, heavenly maid, was young," to the Musical Notes section of the ancient Chinese *Book of Rites*, which starts with the proposition that all modulations of the voice arise from the deeply-seated affections of the mind, which are thus manifested in the sounds produced; and the combination of those sounds so as to give pleasure—and the nature of man cannot be without pleasure—is music. The sound of sorrow is sharp and expiring; of pleasure, slow and gentle; of joy, exclamatory and evanescent; of anger, rough and fierce; of love, harmonious and soft. Joined in composition, these sounds give airs; and the temper of a time is reflected in its music, for the melodies of an orderly period express composure and enjoyment, while in a time of turbulence what is ceremonious is neglected or forgotten, music becomes licentious, and we have tunes of discontent and rancour—such, for example, chronology apart, as the "Marseillaise." At such a time music may be melancholy without being grave, or hilarious without repose; and the man of the time "that hath no music in himself" will then in the weightiest matters prove capable of villany and treachery. There is an interaction between the words and tunes of a people and the tone of its government—take, for illustration, the circumstances surrounding "We don't want to fight!" To lead the people thus is very easy, quotes the Chinese sage from the ancient Odes of his country, which preceded Fletcher of Saltoun by a very long way.

Even beasts employ sound, but not its modulations, says the *Book of Rites*; but Mr. Weber sets down in notes of music the lowing of the cow, the bark of a dog, and the neigh of a houghnham; while the donkey brays in a perfect octave. It might be added to this that a mature cock of the Barbezieux breed has been known to shorten his hoarse bass crow in hard weather to an exact counterpart, in four notes, of "We're all froze out!" The masses of the common people are acquainted with the modulations, says the *Book of Rites*; and Mr. Weber accordingly gives in terms of the gamut, not only conversations in railway-trains and the shouts of porters, but even the speech of a professor and the sermon of a bishop.

The sages of archaic China not alone found pleasure in music; they discerned that, because of the deep influence it exerts on man, it could be employed to mould the hearts of the people; and so it became one of the divisions of education. But music, though it softens and refines, does but half the soothing of a savage breast. Ceremonial, etiquette, which bring in their train gravity and reverence, are its complement in the ancient Chinese system. The theories of music and of ceremonial embrace the whole nature of man. Music plunges down to the very roots of our sensations and probes their every change. The man who has assimilated both manners and music is no longer a fellow; he is a superior man, and may be pronounced to be the possessor of virtue—that virtue to which the first place of all of right belongs, while the greatest achievements hold only the second; for what is virtue but culture? This is the strong stem, the tree-trunk, of human nature; and music is its blossoming.

Similarity and union are the aims of music; difference and distinction those of ceremonies. It is their joint business to blend those feelings. Music springs from the inmost movements of the soul; ceremonies are shown forth in the outward gestures of the body. Ceremonial, which is from without, defines the ranks of society; music, coming from within, brings out harmony between high and low. The highest type of music is marked by its ease, the best manners by their easiness. If music could attain to its full effect, minds would be happy and tranquil; the man whom harmony has completely mastered regulates and develops his heart and mind accordantly, and with this development comes joy; the joy goes on to repose, and the repose is long-continued, is heavenly. If behaviour had free and universal sway, quarrels would be at an end. But even diplomacy, which some irreverent person or other has called the *caput mortuum* of grand manners, has not, in all the centuries since this fine old sage rhapsodized upon the text: "Mulcet, movet, monet," found out how to prevent wars.

"As every plant grows with a certain colour," writes Mr. Weber in *Longman's*, "so every sentence is spoken in some melody which rises in sympathy with the sense and sentiment of the words." Said the sage, in passages which his countrymen consider some of the most marvellous ever written:—"In music we must endeavour to penetrate to its depths. It appeared in the

Great Beginning of all things. The grandest music is an echo of the harmony between Heaven and Earth, from which all things receive their being. Thus is the growth of plants luxuriant, and thus do the buds and curling fronds expand. Music has its origin from heaven, while ceremony takes its forms from earthly manifestations." And again:—"Heaven rains its influence, and that of earth arises, and through their united action production and change ensue; with this the rise of music is accordant.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began."

Hence the sages composed music attuned with heaven, and laid down ceremonial ritual in consonance with earth. The two together reach even to the prepotencies of the spiritual Intelligences, bringing down those that are above, and elevating those whose seat is beneath:—

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

It is not easy, after spending some time with this ancient Maestro of the Middle Kingdom, to quit him without examining his musical criticism. In music, above all things, he lays it down, there should be no pretence or hypocrisy. Some frivolous questioner says to him:—"When I listen to ancient music, my only fear is that I may fall asleep. Why should I feel so differently towards classical and modern music?" The reply is crushing:—"What you ask about is music, and what you like is noise!" Music that is not attended by introspection tends to dissipation of the mind. To licentious, evil, depraved music, a corresponding evil spirit is responsive from within. The old music was harmonious, correct, and of large volume; it cultivated the character; the new is corrupt to excess, there is no end to its vileness, it is not fit to be talked about. Happily there were music-hall songs in those days too. He adds elsewhere that when the monarchs of old accomplished an enterprise they had it commemorated in music; and the importance of the music was proportioned to the greatness of the undertaking. To the music were joined pantomimic action and songs; and we have in this *Book of Rites*, too, from the mouth of Confucius himself, the animated description of perhaps the oldest opera and ballet known, the dramatization of King Wu's conquest of the Shang or Yin some thirty centuries ago.

THE REPORT OF THE VOLUNTEER CAPITATION COMMITTEE.

IT does not often happen that the report of a Government Committee contains much pathos; and it is still more rare to find this quality displayed when the subject is purely military. And yet in the sixty pages of recommendation and statistics about the Volunteer force, which are the result of the Committee's labours, there is an accumulation of facts which must overwhelm with despair any reader who has the penetration to understand their true significance, and who has at the same time a real love for his country. We have to face the fact that owing to our party system of government successive War Ministers have allowed the bulk of the Volunteer force either to drift into serious debt, or to be saved from that miserable condition by the generosity of men who can but ill afford to be generous. The War Office cannot have been ignorant that this state of things existed. Statements to this effect have been, at any rate, repeated often enough, in season and out of season, and in all manner of public prints. That the number of officers in the force was slowly diminishing, owing to the fact that their necessary expenses were rapidly increasing, has been for years a matter of notoriety. That officers were being asked to pay, not trifling subscriptions, but large sums of money for the privilege of serving their country, has been equally well known. At last, however, owing entirely to the exercise of Parliamentary pressure, the War Office has completed an inquiry which, though not so thorough as it might have been, does yet reveal a most terrible state of things—a state of things which could not have continued for more than two or three years without leading to the gravest scandals. However, bad as the facts seem as they are now statistically revealed, it is to be feared that they are in reality very much worse. In the Appendix B, which gives in a tabular form the financial condition of each corps, there are two "agony columns" side by side. One of these is headed "Excess of Expenditure," the other "Means adopted for meeting Excess Expenditure." It is these which really exhibit the sadness of the situation. Corps are found to be annually spending sums up to nearly 2,000*l.* more than they receive from the Government. In many cases, no doubt, there is some independent source of income on which they can rely which justifies this singular course of action. But in most cases it is impossible for the regimental work to be carried on on the Government grant, and there are no other sources from which an income can be drawn. Either, then, the officers have to pay the money, or the regiment runs into debt. Thus in the second agony column, describing the means adopted for meeting excess expenditure, we find frequent entries such as "Loans," "Bank account overdrawn," "Donations from officers," "Loans from Bank," "Tailor's bill." Here are, in fact, all the miserable shifts which are invariably resorted to by those who have acquired the habit of living above their incomes. And this state of things has been brought upon men simply because they have tried to make a present to their country of some of their best energies. But unfortunately it is well known that the figures published in these

tables do not really represent the facts as they are. Expenses have, as a matter of fact, been incurred far in excess of those published, and in many cases the debts are much larger. This discrepancy between statement and truth is due partly to the extreme laxness with which the accounts in many regiments have been kept, and partly to the form in which the returns had to be sent in. Officers commanding are, however, here responsible to a very great extent, and we are very glad to see that the War Office intends for the future to have some kind of investigation of the accounts.

We now come to the consideration of the proposals which the Committee put forward with a view to correcting the state of things which has arisen. And at the very outset we are met by what must seem an extraordinary oversight. It is admitted that many corps are in debt, and this owing to the fact that their necessary expenditure is smaller than their income. It is proposed, by means to which we shall refer presently, to increase this income until it reaches the point at which it will just cover necessary expenditure. When this has been done, it is further proposed calmly to inform any corps that may be in debt that they will not be regarded as efficient. Now it is clear by the Committee's admission that much of these debts was incurred by want of money which ought to have been supplied by the War Office. Clearly, then, the War Office ought to make good the money that it ought to have spent, so as to enable these corps to start afresh. And equally clearly, if they are going to inspect the financial condition of Volunteer corps in the future, and are going to visit the existence of debts severely, they ought to distinguish between debts already contracted under the old system and those which may arise under the new.

The general scheme on which the increase of grant is based is on the whole satisfactory. It might perhaps with advantage have been more elastic—that is to say, more suited to the different situations of different corps. It is clearly, for instance, impossible to make one rule, which will fit the expense incurred by a London corps in the erection of its drill-shed, and at the same time that incurred by a corps in a country town. Again, in some cases a corps will own a rifle-range, and may actually make an income by letting it, whereas the unfortunate corps to which it is let is in a far less satisfactory position. But the Committee do not seem to have realized these differences of financial situation, and have consequently in most cases framed the increased grant on rigid conditions. Apart from this their recommendations are, on the whole, reasonable enough. They make a rough calculation, from which they deduce the startling fact that in a normal battalion of eight companies the necessary expenditure is 148*l.* above the present income—a very strange condition of things to have been allowed to continue for so long. This deficit amounts to 4*s.* 7½*d.* per head; they, therefore, propose to increase the capitation grant by 5*s.* per efficient. In return for this it is insisted on that all the men shall reach some kind of standard of shooting, and that those earning the extra grant of 5*s.* shall become second-class shots. For, strange as it may seem, a Volunteer can at present become efficient by firing off sixty rounds without once hitting the target. But, in order further to assist this increased shooting demand, a grant of 4*s.* per efficient will be given if the ranges are more than five miles from the head-quarters of any corps. All this is, on the whole, very satisfactory as far as it goes, although the margin is so narrow that there will no doubt have to be a further increase in a very few years. Similar grants are to be given to the Artillery, Engineers, Mounted Rifle Light Horse, and the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, in so far as they apply.

The next recommendation is also in the right direction. Hitherto there has been no encouragement whatever to officers to make themselves masters of the important study of tactics, except an annual grant to their corps of 10*s.* for those who have passed an examination on that subject. This is to be increased to 30*s.*, and a further grant of 30*s.* given to any officer who obtains a signalling certificate. It will thus be possible with what he already gains for an officer to earn 7*l.* 5*s.* for his corps; and it is, at any rate, to be hoped that most officers will earn at least 5*l.* 15*s.* of this. It is only fair to officers that some such recognition of the work they do should be made; and the feeling that those who command them are earning such a large proportion of the general income will probably tend to increased respect on the part of the men.

The Committee inform us next that they have fully considered the question of supplying greatcoats and valises. We are very glad to hear of this mark of conscientiousness; but at the same time it seems to be a misfortune that they have not given the general public some of the results of this full consideration. The question of how far valises are required by the Volunteers at all is an open one, which the Committee seem to assume is already settled. But, without entering into this point, it is clear that if greatcoats and valises are to be given to the Volunteers at all they should be given at once. Instead of which it is proposed to introduce a kind of inverted hire-purchase system by which each man will get the tenth of a greatcoat and valise a year. It is true that a corps can forestall the grant, and get the greatcoats and valises in the first year if its financial position justifies such a course. Which is very like saying to a man, "I will build you the tenth of a cottage every year, so that in ten years you will have a roof over your head. But, of course, if you are rich you may build it for yourself at once." It is, very wisely remarked by the Committee that in many cases it may be found undesirable to entrust the men with the custody of their coats. But has their full consideration ex-

tended to the problem of how the coats and valises are then to be kept? It is very much to be feared that, when after five years half of them have been bought, the remaining annual grant will be swallowed up in the costs of preservation and repair.

With some other smaller recommendations, including exemption from service on juries—a privilege which will be much valued—the Report ends. Although it contains no glaring errors, and although the Committee have fairly enough faced the condition of things into which the persistent neglect of the War Office has allowed the Volunteer force to drift, yet it will not be without a certain sense of disappointment that those nearly interested in the Volunteers will turn over the last page of the Report. It had been hoped that the recommendations of this Committee would be something more than a slight amplification of the recommendations of former Committees. It had been hoped that they would enter at least in some degree into the questions of intrenching tools, transport, the supply of ammunition in the field, and, above all, organization. We are, it is true, informed that a place has been assigned to the Volunteer force in the mobilization scheme elaborated by the Intelligence Branch. Then why, in the name of common sense, is there no organization to correspond to this mobilization scheme? Organization will be well nigh impossible when the time for action comes. It would not only be easy now, but it would give to the Volunteers a sense of the reality of their position and their work which they cannot be expected to possess so long as they are being called by men in the highest quarters merely "men with muskets."

A MANTUAN FARM.

THE "fortunate husbandman" of the Mantuan poet has become a melancholy being. Anything less cheerful than the outlook in North Italy it would not be easy to find along the entire track of the depression which threatens to make the European farmer a type of despair rather than of jollity. Therefore good news of an agricultural experiment in Virgil's country is likely to be listened to with curiosity, at all events. About ten years ago, Baron Raimondo Franchetti of Venice bought the estate of Canedole, in the province of Mantua, with the village of the same name and other near-lying property, amounting in all to five thousand acres. Before long he had revolutionized the methods of cultivation, carefully keeping, however, so much of the old system as seemed to answer best to the special exigencies of the case. Steam ploughs were set in motion over the large extent of level arable land, hydraulic machines were introduced to thresh the wheat, mill the rice, husk the maize, saw the wood, grind the sulphur for the vines; the functions of sower and reaper were performed by their modern mechanical substitutes; new inventions or improvements in agricultural machinery were being constantly put on trial, to be brought into use if found serviceable. The labour of five hundred oxen, eighty horses, and twelve mules was employed on the land, which was enriched by the manure out of their stables, supplemented by liberal supplies of chemical and artificial manures; Baron Franchetti wisely acting on the truth that this soil, which has been in cultivation for more than two thousand years, absolutely refuses to feed unless it is fed. Grass land in Italy requires even more manuring than arable land; only the rice-fields, which represent a fourth of the Canedole property, can dispense with this treatment, their fertilization being effected by keeping them under water for a part of the year.

As has been stated, the village of Canedole belongs to the proprietor of the estate, and here Baron Franchetti has instituted a truly paternal government. Nobody pays rent; the parish priest and the schoolmaster are appointed on the Baron's nomination, and maintained at his expense. The doctors told off for the service of the district by the Commune of Roverbella receive a special subsidy, and have *carte blanche* to order whatever medicines, food, or wine they may deem needful for their patients. There is a kindergarten where sixty children are fed and looked after during the day. An omnibus is provided to take the children to the kindergarten and bring them back to their respective homes. This was done at the suggestion of the Baroness, who had remarked that the little ones got their feet wet in traversing the muddy roads in winter.

The most interesting feature of the experiment remains to be described. The village, barring some improvements, is left as it was when the Baron bought it, but apart, at a certain distance, he has created a sort of agricultural colony, which forms the heart and centre of the administration of the estate. This is the so-called Corte di Canedole. The buildings are grouped round a vast courtyard, covering a space of 15,000 square yards, which is entered by a doorway, over which are engraved the words *Labor—Honor*. Facing the entrance stands the master's house, where he spends a good deal of his time, in spite of the attractions of his palazzi at Venice and Treviso, and his various villas in sites more attractive than are these Mantuan plains. Near at hand are the dwellings of the steward, accountant, cashier, secretary, and technical agricultural agent, all of whom have their meals served from the master's kitchen. There are workshops for blacksmith, saddler, carpenter, brickmason, &c. Then come the stables for the farm animals, the barns and granaries, all on a colossal scale; a washhouse, a series of cottages, and, of more recent construction, the stables reserved for Baron Franchetti's stud. Not far off, but

outside the court, is a building devoted to rearing poultry. The whole is surrounded by deep canals flushed with running water, and flanked by avenues of plane-trees. Watchmen go their rounds through the night, whistling at times to remind the ox-herds and stablemen of their presence. There are no dogs. Smoking is rigidly forbidden, and any one who persists in breaking the rule, after a first warning, is dismissed. A fire-engine is kept ready in case of accidents. The workers, men and women, come and go to the sound of bells, which ring, as in a factory, at the beginning of the day's work, at meal-times, and at the hour of dismissal. The most strict discipline is enforced in every department, and the general aspect of the place is severely businesslike. A fine orchard has been planted near the master's house, but there is no flower-garden. The superior hands set the labourers an example of steady and serious work. Yet the picture would not be complete without a reference to the festivities of which the great courtyard has sometimes been the scene. Once, in the carnival, the Baron and Baroness gave a ball to three thousand of their peasants, who danced to their heart's content and were afterwards refreshed by a substantial supper.

The extent to which this model farm can be considered a financial success is, of course, only known to the Baron and his treasurer; but there is reason to believe that it has not proved a failure. A very large production counterbalances in some degree the evil consequences of the present low prices. Nevertheless, it is plain that Baron Franchetti's experiment—involving, as it did, an immense outlay to begin with—is among the many fine things which it is more easy to admire than to imitate.

THE "SECOND KINGS" OF SIAM.

A MOST important change has just been effected in the constitution of one of the most ancient monarchies in Asia by the final extinction of the dignity hitherto enjoyed by the "Second King" of Siam. Those who are curious in Asiatic history will remember that on the death of the last personage who held this rank—in August 1885—a decree went forth that the vacant post should not be filled up. It was supposed in many quarters that this imported the definite suppression of the title, which had long been shown to be inconvenient and unsuitable to the times. But, on the other hand, there were not wanting intelligent persons, both Siamese and European, who maintained that the abolition of the "Second King" was only temporary; that when the crown again descended to a youthful monarch the desire for a sort of countervailing authority would reassert itself, and the old practice of creating a *Wangna*, or Second King, would be once more resorted to. Those who upheld this view were fortified in it by the idea that this institution of a double monarchy is one of extreme antiquity, based upon an elementary principle of the constitution; and they quoted in their support the very curious fact that throughout a large part of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and especially in the extensive country of Laos, each hereditary chieftain or petty prince is associated in his rule with a second-in-command having the same title, and many of the same prerogatives, as himself.

The great importance of the step just taken by His Siamese Majesty will now be better understood. Before it was taken the annals of Siamese history were carefully searched; and it was found that, so far from being an essential and fundamental principle of government in Siam, the institution of a Second King was one of comparatively recent creation. It appeared from the most authentic records that when the position and precedence of the Royal Princes and Potentates were originally defined, the highest place was accorded to the person who was regarded as Heir Apparent, and it was not till later that the insignia and some of the attributes of royalty were assumed by the *Wangna*, who came then to be regarded as the second personage in the realm. Previously to this the *Wangna* was known as an "under King," or sort of Viceroy; and the name by which he has lately been known to Europeans was not heard in Siam until the time when the treaties were made with foreign Powers. At that time much difficulty was experienced in translating into European languages the title of *Wangna*; and the name of "Second King" was adopted as expressing most nearly what was understood by the word. Various circumstances contributed to increase the respect paid to the inferior monarch; and it was latterly a work of much delicacy to define accurately where the distinction was to be drawn between the constitutional powers entrusted to the one and to the other potentate.

At the same time, it was becoming more and more obvious that the continuance of a dignitary possessing such vague and unusual prerogatives was in all points of view undesirable. If it were held that any real power over the army or the Government could be arrogated to the Second King, his existence might become sooner or later a danger to the State and a menace to the dynasty for the time being in power. If, on the other hand, he was to be considered a mere *roi fainéant* without practical authority, he would prove a most costly and unwieldy ornament to the State, detracting to some extent by the magnificence of his appearance from the splendour of the sovereign, and playing the unsatisfactory part of a second sun in the firmament of Siamese royalty.

Such were the considerations forcing themselves upon the attention of every sensible person in Siam when a most favourable

opportunity occurred for putting an end at one stroke to the late anomalous position of affairs. The late Second King died, as already mentioned, in August 1885, and within a year and a half from that time the moment arrived when, according to the old custom of the monarchy, the Crown Prince, son of the present sovereign by his royal consort, ought to be solemnly "confirmed" in the title of Heir Apparent. The ceremony of the Sacred Water Rite by which this is effected was performed with all due honours on the 14th of last month in the River Menam, and on the same occasion a royal edict was issued definitely suppressing for the future the title and institution of a Second King of Siam, and establishing the Crown Prince, who is now about nine years old, in the position of second dignitary in the realm, inferior in rank to the reigning King alone. The measure was adopted with the full consent and concurrence of the princes, nobles, and officials of the realm, attested by their presence in full force during the whole of the prolonged ceremonies of last month. There can be no doubt that it is approved cordially by the unanimous voice of the Siamese nation, and that it will increase to an incalculable extent the stability as well as the popularity of the existing enlightened dynasty.

THE GENESIS OF THE ELEMENTS.

ALL kinds of matter, say the chemists, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous, are composed of simple substances or elements combined together in an infinite variety of ways. About seventy such elements are known to exist. They combine either in certain fixed and definite proportions by weight represented by relative numbers, or in proportions which are simple multiples of those numbers. These proportional weights are called atomic weights, because, according to Dalton's well-known atomic hypothesis, they are believed to represent the relative weights of the ultimate atoms of the elements. Every element has its own atom with individual properties and an individual weight, and the element is an aggregate of such atoms, each identical with the others. So that if there are seventy elements, there are seventy kinds of atoms, each kind differing from the other kinds in weight and other properties. When elements combine to form compounds the ultimate particles of the compounds are clusters of elementary atoms, each atom retaining its individuality. Such clusters are called molecules. Thus the molecule, or ultimate particle of water, is a cluster of three atoms, two hydrogen atoms, each weighing one, and one oxygen atom weighing sixteen. The hydrogen atom is the lightest of all, and is taken as unity. We do not know the absolute weight of an atom of oxygen, but we have good reason to believe that it is sixteen times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen, and so for all the other elements. The atomic weights of the elements vary greatly—from hydrogen 1 to uranium 240—and appear at the first glance to be merely capricious. They are not, indeed, as far as we know exact whole numbers.

So stands the basis of chemistry as represented in our text-books, and it is not wonderful that such a basis should have been found unsatisfactory by many thoughtful men. The problem is singularly stimulating to those whose restless minds are constantly searching for new revelations. Why are there seventy elements, or thereabouts—why not more or less? Why do their atoms, if they have atoms, show such diversity and apparent eccentricity in weight and disposition? Is Nature limited on its lowest side by these atoms? and, if not, whence did they arise? How, on any possible development hypothesis, can we account for their formation from nebulous matter or for their obvious individuality? Is it not possible that there may have been in reality but one elemental matter from which our cosmical elements have been formed? and may we not, with the accumulated observations of modern science, hope to obtain some clue to the mystery, some hypothesis not a dream, which shall show us how the evolution may have advanced?

These and similar questions have haunted the minds of chemists since chemistry became a science. Some glimpse of light has from time to time allured us like an *ignis fatuus*; but no coherent hypothesis was reached, or was indeed possible, until Mr. Crookes, after years of most laborious experimental study and patient thought, found himself, at the last meeting of the British Association, able to suggest one in his address as President of the Chemical Section. Quite recently he has expounded his views anew in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and no one who was present on the latter occasion will forget the eloquence of the lecturer or the brilliance of his experimental illustrations.

It is no easy task to render intelligible to those who are not familiar with chemical theory the great hypothesis which Mr. Crookes has propounded. It is based on no single discovery; and, although its author has contributed much, he lays no claim to the whole of the matter on which it depends. In fact, since Dalton's time material has been slowly collected by a host of workers. Now at last generalization seems possible; and Mr. Crookes has attempted it in no spirit of dogmatism, but with the honest hope of stimulating further study. He asserts nothing, but suggests a great deal.

The first consideration in the study is the relationship between the numbers which are believed to represent the relative weights of the ultimate atoms of elements with the properties of those elements. Dumas was the first to point out that the atomic

weights of many analogous elements were related to one another in a manner too definite to be accidental. Thus, to take only one case, the atomic weights of the very similar metals, lithium, sodium, and potassium, were respectively 7, 23, and 39, 23 being the exact mean of the other two. This provoked curiosity, but pointed to no law. But in 1863 a much more important step was taken. An English chemist, Mr. John Newlands, whose name will be immortal in the history of science, pointed out that, if the elements are arranged in the order of their atomic weights, they are seen to present a uniform sequence of sevens, so that the eighth resembles the first. Thus the eighth from lithium 7 is sodium 23, and the eighth from sodium is potassium 39. So, again, with fluorine, chlorine, bromine, and iodine, and with oxygen, sulphur, selenium, and tellurium, all groups of very similar elements. This "law of octaves" was received with neglect or derision until the researches of Mendeljeff in Russia and Lothar Meyer in Germany showed its supreme importance. Missing links in the chains of octaves were soon observed, and many have already been filled up by researches stimulated by the new law, which was found to be of far deeper significance than its author could have anticipated. The latest expression of it, the immediate precursor and the inducing cause of the Crookes hypothesis, is due to Professor Emerson Reynolds, of Dublin. Unfortunately it is impossible to give an adequate idea of it without a diagram, but some attempt must be made. Imagine a pendulum swinging and slowly coming to rest. Imagine, further, that the pendulum is steadily sinking downwards, and, lastly, imagine that a pencil attached to the weight of the pendulum is drawing a line on a vertical sheet of paper behind. On the paper is a perpendicular line down the middle. It is evident that the pencil will draw a zigzag line on the paper, right and left of the perpendicular. We shall have, in fact, the pattern which was irreverently described by the wits of the British Association as the "Chemical Corset." Now, if the chemical elements are placed on this zigzag line in the order of their atomic weight, with an octave on each line from right to left, and another on each line from left to right, we find that the elements in similar position on the zigzag lines, in regard to the central perpendicular line, or, in other words, those that are over one another, are similar in properties in a variety of ways. Without going into details, it may be said that those on any part of the zigzag which are approaching the perpendicular are electro-negative, while those receding from it are electro-positive. All the elements on the right of the perpendicular are dia-magnetic, and of uneven valency, while those on the left are para-magnetic (as iron is), and of even valency. If these words convey no idea to our readers, we can only beg them to believe that they represent very definite differences in physical and chemical properties. Many other well-known analogies and divergencies are shown at a glance in the diagram, which is, indeed, as Mr. Crookes describes it, an interesting and even exciting study for chemists.

But what has all this chemical theory and this "chemical corset" to do with the genesis of the elements? It may well be asked. We must answer with a most meagre and insufficient sketch of Mr. Crookes's hypothesis, advising all those to whom the exercise of the scientific imagination is a pleasure to study the original. Of course, the whole hypothesis rests on imagination, for no eye can see the events it attempts to depict. But it is no dream, for it rests on a solid basis of observation, and it represents at any rate potential truth. Let it be understood at starting that the pendulum illustration to which further reference must be made, with its right and left swing, and its steady descent, is a symbol typifying two distinct influences, the perpendicular descent a fall of temperature, the lateral swing some exercise of force, possibly, as Mr. Crookes suggests, electricity.

Imagine, then, a universe, or a portion of the universe, without form and void, consisting of nothing but a *protyle*, to use Mr. Crookes's convenient word, a substance simpler than all elements and prior to them. This condition is antecedent to the formation of suns and planetary bodies which belong to modern history—a mere twenty million years, according to Sir William Thomson. The *protyle* is at an enormous temperature, which, we presume, means, if heat be motion, in motion of enormous velocity or amplitude. Then begins the cooling, the tendency to equilibrium of temperature, which is the prevalent phenomenon in our cycle of infinite time. As the heat energy of the *protyle* is lost another energy succeeds it, causing agglomeration of *protyle* into the small masses, or particles which we call atoms. The first atoms formed are the lightest, the hydrogen atoms. Then in the swing of the cosmic pendulum towards the left, to use the symbol once more, come the positive lithium, glucinum, boron, and carbon atoms, each formed at a definite epoch of the grand development. The pendulum swings back and approaches the perpendicular, and nitrogen, oxygen and fluorine, all negative atoms, are formed at successive stages. The perpendicular line is passed, and the positive sodium, magnesium, aluminium, and silicon atoms are formed in turn, the last forming the apex of the angle and being similar in many respects to carbon, which stands at the first apex. So on until the temperature has fallen so low that the atoms begin to combine with one another, perhaps under the same stimulus of electricity; and in future the agglomeration is not of *protyle* to *protyle*, forming atoms, but of atom to atom, forming compounds.

In this manner, or in some manner of which this is symbolical, the elemental forms of matter may have been evolved. Endless

questions remain, of course, unsolved; and we cannot expect the writer of such very ancient history to tell us everything. But one paramount question occurs to which Mr. Crookes has devoted the chief labour of many years of his life. Are all the atoms of an element really identical in weight and properties, or is the atomic weight the mean atomic weight of its atoms? With regard to one element, or to a substance described by that name in our text-books, the element yttrium, an answer can be given. By thousands of operations, the labour of which can hardly be imagined, Mr. Crookes has apparently proved that this element is really a congeries of elements, nearly, but not quite, identical. To follow the previous illustration, there seems to have been at certain stages a dash of irregularity in the swing of the great pendulum, and the single element got muddled up into a lot of similar and insignificant ones. Several cases of this kind occur in the series of elements, and perhaps we are apt to push hypothesis too far in our attempt to account for them. But *a priori* it seems probable that elementary atoms should have not exactly, but only approximately, the same weights. As far as our knowledge goes, nothing outside of mathematics is uniform or perfect. No two seeds, or crystals, or plants, or orbits are quite identical, and why should atoms differ from the rule? As Mr. Crookes puts it, the atom of calcium has a weight of 40, but possibly some atoms weigh 39 and some 41.

CURIOSITIES OF THE AUDITOR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

WHILE taxpayers groan and civil expenditure eludes the grope of Royal Commissions, there sits aloft an official cherub keeping watch over the purse-strings of poor John Bull. The cherub is officially known as the "Comptroller-General of the Receipt and Issue of Her Majesty's Exchequer, and Auditor-General of Public Accounts"; and his annual Report on the Civil Service and Revenue Departments has just been issued. From a high mast-top in the ship of State, Sir William Dunbar takes a bird's-eye view of our expenses; and no extravagance, be it but by a hair's-breadth beyond the sanctioned limits, escapes his microscopic glance. From a collection of fungi to a banquet of Northern Lights Commissioners, from the pension of the late chief of the Civil Service to the cab fare of a Foreign Office messenger, nothing is too great or too small for him to notice. But unfortunately his duty is confined to disallowing payments for which no specific authority is shown. He does not question expenditure already authorized; and if these expenses resemble those he disallows, it seems a pity that his duties are so restricted. Of course the Treasury's sanction has to be obtained for exceptional outlay; but outlay may be unnecessary yet not exceptional, and some departments, it may be feared, interpret their instructions liberally, and bring novel expenses under ordinary heads.

An office, for instance, which would debit 250*l.* for a collection of fungi to "new works," under Class I. for Public Works and Buildings, must hold strange views as to the meaning of words. Sir William Dunbar very properly calls attention to this eccentricity; but the discovery of one such error provokes suspicion that many similar errors may lurk unnoticed. The Treasury is supposed to scrutinize the grounds on which new payments are made. But their qualifications for such a task admit of question; for Treasury officials have no experience of other offices, and even in their own affairs they seem not infallible. For under Class VI. of Votes for Non-effective Services the Auditor-General points out that the retiring allowance to Lord Lingen, late Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, has been wrongly computed, and he has disallowed a sum of 57*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.*, part of the pension, which has been granted for forty instead of for thirty-eight years' service.

As to the Foreign Office Home Service accounts there is some curious correspondence. Its outcome is that messengers carrying despatch-boxes shall no longer travel first-class on journeys of less than 150 miles; and that, instead of receiving 5*s.* or 6*s.* for cab-hire legally fixed at 1*s.* and 2*s.* for gratuities to railway-porters—who are by the Companies' regulations forbidden to receive them—only actual disbursements are to be charged in future.

The correspondence contains some admirable examples of the retort courteous, expressed in idiomatic "officials." Having unguardedly requested that vouchers for all payments might be produced, the Auditor-General is reminded that cabmen do not give receipts. But not in vulgar ordinary language. The Foreign Office puts it thus:—"The carriages technically termed flies are not distinguishable from the cabs plying for hire at the metropolitan railway termini; and it will probably be within your experience that payments made under these circumstances could not be supported by vouchers from the owners of the vehicles."

Perhaps the most fascinating pages of the Report are those devoted to the Commissioners of Irish and of Northern Lights. These functionaries are charged with mysterious duties in connexion with lighthouses. Their names are modestly withheld; and, when the Board of Trade was asked to furnish them for purposes of audit, it replied that it did not propose to call upon the Commissioners for the information asked for. Consequently Sir William Dunbar reports that the accuracy of the various charges cannot be verified.

Some of the Irish Commissioners, in addition to personal allowances of two guineas a day and travelling expenses when on duty, seem to have been supplied with uniforms at five guineas each. If they habitually wear them, their identification should

not be difficult. The Scotch Commissioners, besides extra expenses on board the *Pharos* and *Signal* for entertainment 38*ol.*, and travelling expenses 35*l.*, occasioned one item of expenditure which Sir William Dunbar has been able to verify. It is the now famous bill for 179*l.* for an annual dinner for forty-seven persons at the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh. It is most instructive, and shows that the Commissioners, whatever else their qualifications, are men of discrimination and capacity. It is described as "Work or Supply," and may be found on p. 200 of the Report.

Besides the expenses which the Auditor-General has questioned—but some of which have presumably in former years been passed unnoticed—there are others which he has passed, but which the lay mind cannot help supposing some culprit or other should have paid for. For instance, at the House of Commons a sum of 59*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*, which had been entrusted to an official to pay the salaries of porters, was stolen from the place where it had been locked up. The thief was not discovered, and so the British public bore the loss. The erection of the Exhibition buildings close to the galleries hired by the Science and Art Department caused the insurance premiums on the latter to be increased by 189*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* above the estimate. This was charged upon the Science and Art Department.

A caretaker appointed by the official Receiver in Bankruptcy to carry on a debtor's business pledged the Receiver's credit to the extent of 30*l.* 10*s.* for goods supplied to carry on the business. The bankrupt repudiated any liability, so the national exchequer discharged the debt. For a knowledge of public law, three Foreign Office clerks received allowances beyond their salary; yet this is a subject which Foreign Office clerks might surely be required to know. For improving the sanitary condition of Buckingham Palace there has been spent some 7,000*l.* Nobody denies the necessity of sanitation; but how came the Palace into such an unsanitary state?

Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy gives rise to some irritating entries. Not to mention police expenses, a sum of 16,691*l.* was paid to local officials in Ireland for the registration of Irish voters. This payment, distributed among some 800 persons, is said to have been made at the rate of 3*d.* for each name placed on the register of 1885 over that of the preceding year. The payment was made under the Registration Act, 48 Vic. cap. 17; but Sir William Dunbar has thought it incumbent upon him to bring to the knowledge of Parliament the principle on which the payments are stated to have been made. Charges for the protection of public buildings against explosives are numerous, being rendered necessary by the activity of Irish patriots.

Some items which have been rather irregularly allowed, but which no orderly citizen will grudge, are the salaries of certain boycotted school teachers. Not only the offending teachers, but their pupils, were made to suffer by their Nationalist assailants; and in one case the master of an opposition school is said to have incited his scholars to make raids upon the National school and carry off the school stock, maps, and furniture. The intimidation was extended to the parents of the few children who continued to attend the boycotted school, and one Sunday morning a party of Moonlighters visited the house of a boy's father and fired shots through his window. Of course the attendance fell below the number which entitled the teacher to a grant. But, says the Report, "the payment of salary to the teacher was continued because of the boycotting of the school."

Lovers of facts will be interested to hear that the value of pens, ink, and paper, remaining at the Stationery Office on the 31st of March, 1886, was over 24,000*l.*, and that the value of cord, tape, &c. came to 644*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

All this is but a drop out of the ocean of information contained in the Auditor-General's Report. It is wonderfully clear and well arranged. But there is one entry under Class VII., Miscellaneous Votes, which is most mysterious. It is To Maintenance of Lidge Bruru Worké, 194*l.*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme at the Crystal Palace last Saturday began with a Concert Overture in E minor, written for the Leeds Festival by a young musician, Mr. F. K. Hattersley. A sonorous introductory passage Andante prepares one for something altogether nobler and more massive than the music which follows. The Andante falls off as it proceeds—indeed, the treatment of none of the themes is sufficient—and so, in spite of a certain variety in the rhythmic structure of the subjects, the overture leaves no definite or satisfactory impression on the mind. Were it only, however, that he is able to find good motives, one would be justified in calling Mr. Hattersley a beginner of some promise. If he can acquire a richer and more enveloped orchestral tissue, if he will show a more spontaneous feeling in the development of his figures, and if he will aim at a unity of style more in sound than on paper, he should do something to give himself a respectable place in the rising school.

The next purely orchestral number (we regret to have so to describe it) was an adaptation, or rather mutilation, of a part of Wagner's *Parsifal*. "Klingsor's Magic Garden and the Flower Maidens," as arranged for "Concert use," by M. Emil Steinbach, can hardly fail to appear wearisome and unconnected to most people, while to no one can it, by any possibility, give a fair or adequate idea of the original music. With the dramatic action

and the distribution in solos and choruses, the *raison d'être* of the effects has been removed; even the succession of new ideas has scarcely been respected, and the purely instrumental passages themselves have been truncated and tampered with. No sooner had one got into the spirit of those rustling flights of strings in the admirable and mysterious opening than the symphonic introduction was broken off, and the cutting and alterations began. To the end it was a strain on the mind to follow the music or divine its object, and the eight-part chorus of maidens, beginning "Come," produced none of its proper effect. It is better not to hear this music at all unless one can listen to it intelligibly performed, with all the voice parts complete. This sort of adaptation to concert use of music without any pretension to symphonic coherency is in reality an adaptation of concerts to the use of the rabid Wagnerite, who cares little what becomes of the work so long as the revered name figures prominently on programmes.

Mme. Falk-Mehlig, the instrumental soloist of the occasion, undertook Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1 in E. She gave a very delicate rendering of the soft intricacies and sweet cantabile of the first movement. Her touch and style of playing were, however, a little monotonous and somewhat lacking in contrasts. This brought the exquisite dreaminess of Chopin's long "Romance Larghetto" almost to the pitch of drowsiness. Nor was the lively change to the final "Rondo" quite emphasized enough. In order to bring out properly the fantastic spirit of Chopin's work, its morbid sweetness must be tempered with a strong dose of nervous excitement. In Liszt's arrangement of Weber's *Grande Polonaise Brillante* (Op. 72), for piano and orchestra, Mme. Falk-Mehlig showed herself capable enough of firm and decided playing. But in rendering Chopin's music the difficulty to a pianist consists in how to apply power without destroying the exotic delicacy of the work. We have never heard this concerto when it has not appeared too long; and what cannot withstand the test of ordinary interpretations, but requires the genius of its composer or of some exceptionally gifted musician, cannot be considered really sincere and robust art.

Mr. Sims Reeves cannot sing without giving us a lesson in style, declamation, and sentiment. It is impossible not to feel the music for the time as he feels it; and especially in the second verse of "Lord, who am I?" Recit. and Air *Gideon*, by C. E. Horsley, he rose to the dignity and force of his highest former achievements. His second song, Blumenthal's "The Requit," though a trying one, was rendered with an exquisite tenderness of feeling which reached to the accentuation of every word and note.

Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, that in F, stood at the end of the programme. This work is remarkable, even amongst Beethoven's compositions, for the extraordinary rapidity and energy with which the figures of the original themes sprout and throw off innumerable growths, infinite in variety as the boughs of an oak forest, and yet stamped, as they are, with one unmistakable character. With the exception of one or two slips, and of one or two instances where important phrases were somewhat drowned by the sounds of other instruments, the Symphony received intelligent and careful treatment at the hands of Mr. Manns and his orchestra. The Minuet was taken in slower time than it sometimes is; probably with justice, as there can be no reason why that older form should receive the same sort of rendering as the Scherzo.

MONSOONS AND CYCLONES.

A CONFIDENT forecast of the seasons, such as that which Joseph was enabled to found upon Pharaoh's vision of the seven fat-fleshed and the seven ill-favoured kine, would be one of the greatest advantages an Oriental Government could possess. Nowhere, however, would meteorology be of more vital importance than in the Indian dominions of Her Majesty, if it is ever destined to attain the character of an exact science, and issue provisions with certainty. The meteorological phenomena of the Indian continent are of an exceptional nature. They are distinguished by a vastness and by a general regularity which is again traversed by irregularities apparently capricious and signally disastrous in their effects upon a population almost wholly engaged in agriculture. The day for the primitive measures which Joseph is reported to have employed against famine in Egypt with such conspicuous success is perhaps gone by, even in the unchanging East. But the achievements of Western science may yet empower the human race to make no undespairs struggle against those recurring famines, droughts, and scarcities which form so terrible a chapter in Indian annals. The mobility of the grain-reserves of the country rendered possible by railways was not without its mitigating effect in the fatal visitation of 1876-1877, and the network of famine-protection lines is slowly creeping over the districts most exposed to suffering. Special interest, therefore, attaches to the efforts of the Indian Meteorological Department, under the able direction of Mr. Blanford, to reduce the materials it has now collected into a scientific form.

The recent Report of the department covering the year 1885-1886 supplies a favourable opportunity for reviewing its progress. It has now been at work for some twelve years, of which the first five were entirely devoted to registering observations and to creating a network of meteorological stations in India and in adjacent countries. Its operations are extensive. Advanced

posts have been established high in the Himalayas and outlying pickets have been placed in the Persian Gulf, the Seychelles, and on the Zanzibar coast. Much valuable information is also furnished by the logs of vessels crossing the Indian seas.

The observed sequences and coincidences which Mr. Blanford is now endeavouring to generalize into laws are principally concerned with two important questions. The first and most remarkable of these has to do with the forecast of the summer monsoon; the second deals with the prediction of the cyclones which originate in the Bay of Bengal. Mr. Blanford, at the outset, has corrected the ordinary theory of the monsoon; that it is simply the south-east trade-wind diverted from its course, and passing into a south-westerly current. The monsoon, as far as it is the Indian monsoon, is more truly a south-westerly wind drawn from a reservoir of saturated air over the equatorial zone, fed by the south-east trade, than a devious prolongation of the trade-wind itself. But its period and character appear to be virtually governed by another and determining element which enters into it. This element is a dry northerly current, which comes down from the Himalayas and the great ranges which shut out India from Central Asia. Here, then, is the problem. Can an adequate forecast be made of this determining element?

Mr. Blanford finds the key of the situation in the winter snowfall on the Himalayas. Experience seems to bear him out since the theory was started, although the results of a few years are not sufficient to give the hypothesis scientific validity. The natural effect of the snowfall is to cool the air in its vicinity, to raise the barometric pressure, and to induce a dry current from the north or north-west proportionate to the extent and severity of the winter snow. It was in 1883-1884 that the first regular snowfall reports were received from the Himalayas. Imperfect as they were, the Meteorological Department ventured, from the extent of the snow precipitation on the mountain slopes, to predict that it would produce dry winds in Northern and North-Western India of unusual duration, and, as an inevitable consequence, a retarded and interrupted monsoon. An examination of the weather-reports for the ensuing season shows that the prediction was in the main verified in Northern India and parts of Bombay. It has since been twice repeated, and each time with general success, although the department has boldly enlarged the area comprised within its forecast, including the Deccan and parts of the Central Provinces. The hypothesis is certainly one of vital importance to Indian interests, and its verification will be watched with growing attention. It does not, of course, apply to the whole of the Indian continent, nor will it yield an adequate explanation of the great drought and famine which began in 1876. Much wider causes were probably at work during that period, and it is to be regretted that there are not sufficient data for their adequate investigation.

Tropical or sub-tropical climates, of course, afford peculiar facilities for storm-warning operations, in virtue of the general constancy of their atmospherical conditions. The Indian Meteorological Department has, accordingly, got together a very complete history of the storm disturbances of recent years, and a knowledge of the course taken by cyclones enhances the value of its predictions. It appears that the monsoon current which comes up the Bay of Bengal as an east-south-east wind is responsible for the genesis of the Indian cyclones. At certain moments this current weakens and retreats southwards. Its re-advance, as might be expected, is regularly attended by the formation of disturbances of more or less intensity in its van, which bear inland. Owing to this origin, the track of the cyclone invariably lies from east to west. There is apparently no recorded instance of a cyclone springing from the shifting or retreating of the south-west monsoon, and travelling from west to east. It is on the coast that the fury of the Bengal cyclone is usually spent, and the havoc it works, as in 1876, when 100,000 lives were lost, is wrought by the wave produced by the combined action of the inblowing winds and the low pressure of the centre of the storm. But occasionally the storms travel far inland, and in some cases they have swept onwards until they have finally disappeared in the Arabian Sea. The storm-warning system of the Meteorological Department now practically covers the Bay of Bengal, and is being extended down the coast. It is invaluable to outgoing vessels which are exposed to great dangers if caught in the mouth of the river. An attempt is also being made to extend its operations inland. When properly developed, storm-warnings in this direction will be of great service to districts liable to inundation and to officers engaged in irrigation works. At present they have not been brought to any great perfection, owing to the capricious deviations of the disturbances within certain general limits. The telegraphic warning, however, of heavy rains in the drainage basins of the rivers is in itself extremely useful.

Besides these two principal branches of inquiry—the annual forecast of the south-west monsoon and cyclone prediction—the Meteorological Department is active in a variety of minor investigations. The influence of forests upon rainfall is an important consideration in India. As far as its observations go, the department confirms the usual theory of a heavier fall within the forest than without, though inclined to minimize the difference. But the honours of a scientific investigation of this subject are reserved for the German meteorologists, who have made it their own.

IN BOTH HOUSES.

IT would be unfair, perhaps, to remark this week on the contrast which presents itself between the proceedings of the two Houses. The brief and businesslike sittings of the Lords, in one or two of which the earlier stages of Bills have been discussed and disposed of with the minimum of talk and the maximum of expert criticism, are merely typical of the ordinary proceedings in that Chamber—when, indeed, our happy and sensible legislative arrangements enable it to perform any work at all. Circumstances have placed the House of Commons at an accidental disadvantage in respect of practical activity, which for the moment renders comparison unfair. The Lower House has done no business at present, because it is engaged in debating how it may become possible to do business hereafter. It is talking about talk and the way to limit it; and, if it is a little garrulous on the subject of garrulity, and occasionally trips itself up in its endeavours to remove obstruction from its path, it is no doubt entitled to every indulgence. The opening of the Procedure debate afforded an edifying example of the last-mentioned mishap, and enabled Mr. Parnell to figure once more in his well-known character of the Parliamentary Precisian—perhaps the finest part ever created by any one of the long line of accomplished actors with whom Ireland has enriched the British stage. Mr. Parnell's position was really a very simple one. He wished to debate the Rules *en bloc* according to previous arrangement, on the motion that the First Rule be agreed to; but, having amendments standing on the paper in his name, he was anxious not to exhaust his right of speech on those proposals by speaking on the main question. The Speaker, on being invited to assist him, suggested that Mr. Parnell should make his speech on the main question, and that he should then brace himself to forego the high and ennobling privilege of reciting with his own lips the words of his amendment. He would then, after allowing that amendment to be put in dumb show by one of his colleagues, retain full possession of the right to speak upon it to his heart's content. The melancholy dignity with which Mr. Parnell received this licentious suggestion from an authority for whom it was evident that he would have liked, if he could, to retain his respect was most impressive. The right hon. gentleman, he said, had suggested that he should enter into "collusive arrangement" with some hon. member to move his amendment for him; "but he desired to do so himself." The rebuke thus administered, not only to the Chair, but to the Leader of the House—for Mr. Smith had supported the Speaker's recommendation—had much the same embarrassing effect as is produced when a young layman is constrained to remonstrate with an elder clergyman on the impropriety of his language. This, at least, was its aspect as a stroke of comedy; considered as a stroke of tactics, it was still more successful. Sir William Harcourt hastened to add to the confusion by the bluff irregularity of his proposals for settling the difficulty; and the expenditure of nearly half an hour and quite half-a-dozen speeches in disentangling so insignificant a hitch in the proceedings once more demonstrated the helplessness of the House of Commons in the hands of any one who chooses to turn its regulations and its etiquette against itself.

Mr. Gladstone's return to his place on the front Opposition bench gave a certain "style" to the opening debate of Monday, but his speech was flat and commonplace—dry even for a dry subject. Even his least attractive speeches, however—and they most sometimes—are interesting in their revelations of inner purpose. Investigated for interest of this description the latest performance will quite repay perusal. Impartial critics of it would, we think, agree that as an exercise in the art of damning with faint praise it is probably without a rival. We might even finish the well-known quotation in a slightly varied form, and point to the speech as showing also that Mr. Gladstone knows as well as ever how to assent with civil mock, and without blocking others teach to block. It is certainly beyond question that, short of offering actual opposition to the New Rules, which even for him was impossible, Mr. Gladstone could not have more skillfully gone about to make their passage through the House of Commons as difficult as possible. On his specific objections to them we comment elsewhere. They seem to show that the old Parliamentary hand is losing something of its cunning; but they will doubtless serve their purpose as well as more substantial and better fortified criticisms. The whole forces of Gladstonian Liberalism are to be brought to bear on the support of the Amendment for dispensing with the Speaker's veto, and, though there is no suggestion from Mr. Gladstone or his followers of any sort of substitute, no doubt the Opposition would be well satisfied if they could induce the Government to consent to the mutilation of their own proposal. Whether the Rule would work, or work without mischief in the absence of such a veto, is a question not likely to trouble the repose of the front Opposition bench.

The burst of new orators by which the debate on the Address was glorified has come to an end. The air no longer dazzles with the exploding stars and descending streamer of the rhetorical rocket; only the sticks lie around, cold and silent. It is melancholy, but not surprising. Members of Parliament, as has just been aptly pointed out by one of them, are, when anxious to distinguish themselves, particularly sweet on an Address debate. They can, practically, fire off the speech which they had intended to deliver, or which they actually did deliver, at their last festive interview with their constituents; and they have very largely availed themselves of these facilities on the present occasion. It has, indeed,

become, as a candid member of their body has recently assured us, an invincible habit with them to deliver themselves of the contents of their minds, or—not to beg the question—mouths. They may feel, like Touchstone, that they who have good wits have much to answer for, but, like him, they are the slaves of their impulses. But this, as we have said, is in the debate on the Address. When the House gets to actual business they can put a little more constraint upon themselves. Their silence probably is not due to that morbid and unmanly diffidence which in some minds accompanies the consciousness of ignorance. We do them wrong, being so rhetorical, to suppose so. Besides, they are of that class of talkers who would gladly learn as well as teach, and who think that there is no easier way of mastering a subject than to talk about it to other people until you obtain a decent working acquaintance with it. We imagine that other reasons than mere want of experience in the subject have kept the rising young orators from physically rising in the debate on the Procedure Rules; but, whatever the reason, we are afraid that the House will find other inflictions to set against the immunity. If the rising member, of the type with which the recent debate has just familiarized us, refrains from rising, there are, on the other hand, signs that it may be difficult to get the risen member, of a type with which we have long been only too familiar, to sit down. The very first amendments to the New Rules have brought to the front the class of debaters represented by Mr. Jacob Bright and Professor Stuart—a class which, though happily thinned out at the last election, still exists in more than sufficient strength to threaten the impost of a formidable tax on the patience of the most tolerant intelligences. Mr. Jacob Bright, for instance, has only just said that “it is unwise to increase the stringency of the criminal law in any one of the three kingdoms if the people of that kingdom objected to it.” He has only spoken once in the debate thus far, but yet he has managed to “get off,” as the Americans say, this nobly fatuous generality. We know that there is “more where that came from”; but how much more? And how much more of Professor Stuart’s enunciation of professional platitudes in support of the same absurdity? The field is unlimited, and the labourers, we have too much reason to fear, not few. The prospect, therefore, is a little disheartening.

REVIEWS.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY.*

THE Browning Society has new reasons for gratitude to its patron saint or eponymic hero. Four or five thousand lines, pregnant with subtle meaning, will occupy the attention of the Society for many months, and as a preliminary task it will be necessary, for the gratification of a laudable curiosity, to learn something as to the lives and characters of the “people who were of importance in their day.” Bertrand de Mandeville is generally known to fame as the author of *The Fable of the Bees*, and as the author of the proposition that private vices are public benefits. The poet takes the larger share, or rather the whole, of a conversation with Mandeville, on the origin of evil, which is also discussed in the talk with Furini. The sagacious student may also follow up various clues through the labyrinth of poetical disquisition. Daniel Bartoli is described in a note as a voluminous Jesuit writer, whose works are said to be unreadable on account of his propensity to tell long miraculous stories. His contribution to the present work consists in a tale after the manner of Boccaccio or of Margaret of Navarre, about a duke and a lady who were separated on their wedding-day, and who afterwards, in different ways, found consolation. It matters little whether the tale, which is composed in Mr. Browning’s simpler style, is original or selected from Bartoli’s compilation. Christopher Smart is chiefly remembered as one of the objects of Johnson’s kindly mention and charitable aid. In a former generation, and perhaps down to the present day, Smart earned the gratitude of schoolboys and the antipathy of schoolmasters by his prose translation of Horace. Several pages of his poems are included in the “Collection of the British Poets”; and there or elsewhere Mr. Browning has discovered one purple patch which, in his judgment, forms a strange contrast to an otherwise uninterrupted series of twaddle and doggrel. The unnamed fragment which is perhaps found in a “Song of David,” “stations you [Smart] for once on either hand with Milton and with Keats.” He “for once drew nigh to the superhuman poet-pair.”

What, if in one point only, then and there
The otherwise all-unapproachable
Allowed impingement?

If the impingement was effected by the only passage which is preserved by Chalmers, the poet-pair were surprisingly tolerant.

* *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day.* By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

The extract from the “Song of David” is less feeble than Smart’s other verses, but its vigour is exclusively rhetorical. The next person of importance is George Bubb Dodington, well known as a moderately successful courtier and political adventurer in the middle of the last century. He obtained a peerage; and he was generally supposed to be a person of easy political virtue; but it is difficult to share Mr. Browning’s angry contempt for a half-forgotten product of a bygone condition of society. Mr. Browning was perhaps attracted by the euphony of his second Christian name, which he carefully places at the end of a line to rhyme to “rub”:

He mounts to such a stage
Above competitors as all save Bubb
Would agonize to keep. Yet here’s the rub.

An elaborate explanation follows of the effect of Dodington’s supposed cynicism in concealing his faults. Francis Furini was a painter in the first half of the seventeenth century who, being also a priest, is said to have expressed remorse on his death-bed for the sensuous character of his pictures. Mr. Browning indignantly denies, apparently on internal evidence, the truth of the story. He of course knows that there was often a contest between the Church and the artists as to the proper subjects of pictorial representation; but he is probably indifferent to Furini’s judgment on the merits of nude delineation. His own apology is in the highest degree both elaborate and confident, and there is perhaps no poem in the present collection which requires so laborious a study. There are also profound discussions on art, as on other topics, in the “parley” with Gerard de Lairese, who appears to have been prevented by blindness from pursuing his career as a painter, and to have afterwards written an *Art of Painting* and other works. Some of the finest passages in these poems occur in the dialogue with Lairese. It is perhaps inaccurate to give that name to a conversation which is almost exclusively conducted by the poet. Descriptions of Prometheus on Caucasus, of morning, noon, and evening, are highly characteristic of Mr. Browning’s genius. Charles Avison, who is the last on the list, was an English composer in the last century whose name is probably known to those who are interested in the history of art. According to a biographer, his master, Geminiani, was in the habit of asserting that Avison could have done equally well whatever was accomplished by Handel. Mr. Browning removes the cloud of oblivion which has enveloped Avison, and which has only been escaped through the jingle of one rhyming couplet by his contemporary Buononcini.

A dialogue between Apollo and the Fates, and a dialogue between John Fust and his friends are respectively prefixed and affixed to the “Parleyings.” Mr. Browning, who often amuses himself by writing in a cipher to which he alone has the key, has seldom propounded to his disciples a more hopeless puzzle than the connexion between the two dramatic interludes and the poetical discourses which occupy the greater part of the volume. The secret will probably remain with its author, and in any case the uninitiated critic is not required to trouble himself with the solution of the riddle. The conditional prolongation of the life of Admetus and the invention of the printing press perhaps correspond to dramatic sketches which are introduced after the rising of the curtain, or in preparation for the retirement of the audience. Both pieces are intended to be humorous, and both may be read with comparative ease. One passage in the version of the ancient legend is a broad specimen of burlesque. Apollo induces the mysterious Sisters to take for the first time a bowl of wine which he brings from earth, and they all then proceed to join with the god in a tipsy dance or breakdown. On returning to their senses the Fates agree that Admetus shall be spared if a substitute can be found; but they ridicule the hope of Apollo that his father or his mother will consent to die in his stead. When the father is suggested Clotho says “Bah!” and Lachesis gracefully receives the mention of his wife by the exclamation “Tra-la-la!” The venerable goddesses appear to have adopted the manners and language of a Palais Royal farce; but their ridicule of conjugal devotion was ill-timed on the eve of the self-sacrifice of Alceste. The epilogue approaches nearer to the possibilities of ordinary life. Seven friends, some of them monks, visit Fust, who is not to be confounded with Faust, to remonstrate against his performance of his notorious compact with Satan. After much denunciation on one side and comic evasion on the other, Fust strikes off some proofs of a hymn which had been quoted, and then shows his friends his press at work. One of the number characteristically remarks that it is no such vast miracle. It is indeed strange that seals should have been used for many centuries before it occurred to any one that impressions from type might be indefinitely multiplied. The poem ends with an imaginary description of the diffusion of truth as a consequence of the new discovery. Fust, much to his credit, remembers that the press will be equally applicable to the circulation of falsehood.

The “Parleyings” are written in decasyllabic verse, sometimes in couplets, and more often with a varying arrangement of rhymes. The pauses are so adjusted that a careless reader might for a moment mistake the “heroic measure,” as it was once called, for blank verse; but once or twice a line or a couplet would be not unworthy of Pope. In the conversation with Dodington the poet asks whether

could ourselves broach lies,
Yet brave mankind with those unaltered eyes,
Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?

One or two interspersed lyrics are for the most part deficient in

smoothness; but a stanza in the drinking-song of the Fates is pretty in language and sentiment:—

Infancy? What if the rose-streak of morning
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning!
Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears!
A minute's success pays the failure of years.

The same criticism will not apply to words which are set to a march. As he says himself, the supposed singers "give voice robustious, rude, and rough," though objection may be taken to the epithet "robustious" if it is equivalent to "strong." One stanza illustrates the depth of prosiness to which a great poet can deliberately descend:—

Hands prompt heads, hands that ply the pen
Teach babes unborn the where and when
—Tyrants, he braved them,—patriots, he saved them,—
"Westminster's Pym!"

Christopher Smart himself could scarcely have surpassed such a specimen of the bathos. It would be invidious and ungenerous to call attention to any imperfections of the poem if they could be attributed to any failure of power; but Mr. Browning's eccentricities are intentional and wilful. Such a line as

Blaze it forth, bold C major! Lift thy brow

may be compared to the famous figure of

Inoculation, Heavenly Maid, descend;

but Mr. Browning knows what he is doing, though perhaps he has no more serious purpose than to startle and irritate ordinary readers, or to compel the Browning Society to invent some far-fetched apologies for a strange, though not a poetical, license. Homer nods, not because he is sleepy, but to surprise and perplex the audience as it hangs on the words of the rhapsodist. It is perhaps with a less conscious departure from familiar methods that Mr. Browning omits two-thirds of the definite and indefinite articles which would be used by other writers, and habitually converts affirmative propositions into questions by the simple process of appending a note of interrogation. That black is white is an intelligible, if not a true, statement. "Black is white?" is a puzzle as well as a paradox.

In his later poems Mr. Browning has discontinued the dramatic treatment, as it was called, of the subjects which he discusses or illustrates. It is true Karshish the Arab physician, Lippo Lippi, and the Duke who exhibited the picture of his first wife to the envoy of his intended father-in-law, bore traces of their origin; but they gave an objective reality to the thoughts which they expressed. Mr. Browning's recent efforts have been confined to monologues, not always in his own name, which are sometimes imaginative, and always subtle and full of matter, though the meaning has often to be ascertained by conjecture. Opulence in thought and language never fails; and the present volume is, like its predecessors, saturated with fanciful ingenuity. Except Apollo and the Fates, and the inventor of printing, no person is introduced who might not be easily spared. The function of the "People of Importance in their day," from Mandeville to Avison, is to be lectured by Mr. Browning on topics with which in their lifetime they had probably little concern. Any of those who may have had a taste for metaphysical niceties may perhaps listen with interest; but the elaborate solution of problems which had never occurred except to a man of genius is as difficult as the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's forgotten dream. The modest student might sometimes confess his inability to follow the guidance of his philosophic teacher, if the only result of his labour were the partial disclosure of secrets which had never before excited his curiosity; but, unless he is a novice in Mr. Browning's school, he expects that he will be also rewarded by frequent outbursts of poetical imagination; and his hopes will not be disappointed. He may, for instance, despair of understanding why he should be required to appreciate the distinction between a drawing and a ground-plan in which

A is the House, and B the Garden-gate,
And C the Grass-plot—you've the whole estate,
Letter by letter, down to Y the Pond,
And Z the Pigstye,

but, unless he shuts the book in despair, he will find two pages further on a brilliant description of sunrise:—

Bounding up through Night's wall dense and dark,
Embattled crags and clouds, out-broke the Sun
Above the conscious Earth, and one by one
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last spark
His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge
Of mountain granite which, transformed to gold,
Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold
On fold of vapour-swathing, like a bridge
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp.

If space allowed, many passages might be quoted which would have proved Mr. Browning to be a poet of a high order, if his reputation were still to make. Perhaps the loftiest of his sustained flights is that which begins with the storm round the chained figure of Prometheus on the Caucasus:—

Thunders on thunders, doubling and redoubling
Doom o'er the mountain, while a sharp white fire
Now shone, now sheared its rusty herbage, troubling
Hardly the fir-boles, now discharged its ire
Full where some pine-tree's solitary spire
Crashed down, defiant to the last: till—lo,
The motive of the malice!—all a-glow,
Circled with flame there yawned a sudden rift
I' the rock-face, and I saw a form erect
Front and defy the outrage, while—as checked,

Chidden, beside him dauntless in the drift—
Covered a heaped creature, wing and wing outspread
In deprecation o'er the crouching head
Still hungry for the feast foregone awhile.

The temptation to quote the passages which follow must be overcome.

SEVEN NOVELS.*

A FAIRLY good anonymous novel is always more or less interesting, and *A Lost Reputation* is more than fairly good. Naturally, therefore, it is decidedly the best of a rather large batch. It does not appear from the title-page whether it is the author's first work, but the ease and correctness of the style suggest that he is not unaccustomed to writing. The story is not phenomenally striking or powerful, but it is good, and very well told. Graham Murray, the hero, is a pleasant young fellow, and the only child of the Laird of Glen Ilva. We do not see much of the Laird, but he makes a picturesque figure, and has a great deal of character. The misfortune which supplies the foundation of the story is the consequence of his dissolute life after the death of his young wife, and also of his mistake in not explaining to his son Graham the true character of a certain Gilbert, who was friendly with them both when Graham was a child and proved unworthy of their friendship. The motive of this reticence is not an ignoble one, as he shrinks from telling his son that their former companion is a card-sharper, but in so doing he runs a great risk, and in fact inflicts great injury on the young man. Gilbert reverts to his old habits, and cheats at cards by a method similar to that recorded to have been exposed in an action at Nisi Prius by the abnormally sharp sight of the late Chief Justice Erle, and he so contrives matters that Graham is strongly suspected and cannot clear himself. Among other people who cast him off is his first love, a clear-headed young lady, who believes in his innocence, but requires her betrothed to be above suspicion. Like most of the author's minor characters, this girl is brought before us with admirable distinctness, though her appearance is of the briefest. She appears only in the parting scene with her lover, which occupies no more than eight pages, but constitutes a strongly-written and dignified piece of domestic tragedy. Graham goes to America and wanders there for nine years. If he had had all his wits about him, he might possibly have succeeded in vindicating his character, as the actual culprit wrote him a letter in which he ought to have recognized an exceedingly strong piece of evidence against the writer; but it was natural enough that a young man should fail to see its importance under the circumstances. Through the instrumentality of a gruff but fascinating American doctor, with the amazing name of Barkeloo, Graham eventually returned to England, where he fell in with a charming girl—this means not that the author says she was charming, but that he makes her so—who was his neighbour in the Highlands. Her loyalty to him—whom she did not know—as a neighbouring chieftain, and her discovery of who he was, are told with real pathos; and, though there is no climax to vindicate his honour, there is a great deal that is touching at the end of the story. *A Lost Reputation* is in one volume. It is all natural and pleasantly told; the four principal characters are particularly attractive; the author has a good deal of humour, and he is never in the least dull. He is hereby invited to continue his career as an author.

The action of Mr. Outram Tristram's *A Strange Affair* extends over two periods of a few months each—one in 1842 and the other in 1870. Four of the leading characters survive all the vicissitudes of the plot, and become respectively a cardinal, a bereaved mother, a dissolute actress of burlesque, and an insane-eyed dotard "bent double with disease." Ten other persons die, nearly all with great abruptness. Four of them perish by murder (one being stabbed, one drowned, one knocked on the head and buried in a potato-garden—and these are the only facts mentioned about him—and one dying of paralysis, superinduced, as Lord Justice Bowen would say, by poisoning). Of the remaining six, one dies of rage (apoplexy), one of triumph (paralysis), one of disgust at the immorality of a brother (apoplexy), one of smallpox, one of heart-disease, and one by drowning. It is, therefore, undeniable that as we read *A Strange Affair* "the angel of death is among us, and we can almost hear the beating of his wings." Nevertheless, so lightly and so often do the said wings beat that we are quite able to enjoy Mr. Tristram's humorous style, which is of such merit that the first volume—saving the first three pages, which are dull—is continuously and exceptionally amusing from one end to the

* *A Lost Reputation*. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

A Strange Affair. A Novel. By W. Outram Tristram, Author of "Julian Trevor" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

The Bond of Wedlock: a Tale of London Life. By Mrs. Campbell Praed, Author of "Nadine," "Affinities," &c. London: White & Co. 1887.

A Daughter of the People. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. A. W. May), Author of "Two Women," "Godfrey Helstone," &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Raskell's Remains. An American Novel. By Barrett Wendell, Author of "The Duchess Emilia." London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

Agnes Surriage. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Author of "Damen's Ghost" &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1887.

Chronicles of the Coniston Family. By the Rev. E. G. Charlesworth. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

other. The other two are not so good, but they are also amusing, and the tale of blood goes rattling merrily along into the middle of the Franco-German War. Quite at the end, when the daughter of a female villain fulfils the purposes of destiny by murdering the man who is, but is not generally known to be, the illegitimate offspring of one of the defunct (heart-disease), Mr. Tristram attempts to soar into tragedy; but here he is not very successful. His strong point is a curt, crisp way of describing more or less ludicrous events, which is commoner with French than with English writers. In this particular he is exceptionally strong, and those who appreciate it will find his novel thoroughly entertaining. But the first volume is the best.

Most people who read novels know that Mrs. Campbell Praed is a clever woman, who can write good English when she chooses. They will not learn much more to her advantage from *The Bond of Wedlock*. It is a uniformly repellent story about five people, and no more. Two are women and three are men, and four of them are unmitigated scoundrels or ruffians, as the case may be, without any single attractive feature about them. The heroine, whose name is Ariana, claims our sympathy because, when invited to run away from her husband, she refuses to do so solely on the ground that it would injure the prospects in life of her little girl. Her would-be seducer then enters into a shameful plot with the other two characters to procure for her grounds for a divorce from her husband, in order that he may marry her, and their efforts, which are described with much particularity, are crowned with complete success. That is the whole story. It has no moral, and one is tempted to say that it has no morals. There is not one page of it which mitigates our regret that it should ever have been written.

A thoroughly commonplace young artist of the upper middle class met, flirted with, and eventually loved a daughter of the people. This phrase, which would be ambiguous if it were less hackneyed, means in this instance the daughter of a coastguard and the granddaughter of a farmer. She returned his affection, but steadfastly refused to marry him on the ground that it would ruin him socially. In this conclusion she was very likely right, but she and all his other friends very much exaggerated the inadvisability of the marriage. As a rule, a gentleman does better to marry a lady than to marry a coastguard's daughter, but it is nonsense to talk of the latter being "ruin to him," and to say that—where there are no special circumstances in the case—it would "cut off all his prospects of advancement . . . alienate him from his family . . . injure him in the estimation of every friend he has," and so on. These particular expressions are used by the artist's mother in dissuading the girl from the proposed marriage, and for this purpose they may be legitimate, if not strictly honest. But the lady in question believes them herself, and that is silly. A man's friends do not cut him because he has married a good-looking, well-behaved, fairly intelligent girl of the lower classes. Still less, perhaps, do an artist's customers cease to buy his pictures for any such ridiculous reason. A refined and cultivated man would always, *pro tanto*, wish his wife to be refined and cultivated, and the matter is of exceedingly great importance in the choice of a life-long companion, but there are cases in which, on the whole, it may be desirable to overlook the want of even those qualities. The question is a practical one, to be settled on its particular merits in each case. This much said, there is really nothing else to say about *A Daughter of the People*. There have been, and will be, hundreds of other three-volume novels exactly like it. It is well enough written, some of the people are nice, and some not so nice, there is no villain and no villainy, and it is sufficiently interesting without being at all exciting. Whoever reads it expecting to find a love-story of the ordinary kind, without any glaring faults, will get his or her money's worth.

Rankell's Remains is the queer title of a queer American story, exhibiting a good deal of picturesque power. Rankell was a heartless millionaire, such as we have often read about before, with no aim in life except that of accumulating millions. The single point in his character demanding in any degree the sympathy of other people is a sort of conventional attachment to the only girl he ever loved. They were never acquainted, and she died when they were both young. When he dies he devotes all his money to building a Gothic church of great splendour in her memory, in which he is to be buried. Two episodes in his life are related in which he ruins virtuous people in a way suitable to a cruel and treacherous schemer, and a third in which he bribes the delegates at a party convention to nominate an immoral politician for the Presidency. After his death, one of his victims, being about three-quarters mad, steals his corpse, and prevents its burial in the Gothic church. The moral is, that the evil he did—and while he was alive he did nothing else—was interred with his bones (in a sewer), but that the good lives after him in the shape of the Gothic church. The persons whom he ruined and drove to death, immoral courses, and other misfortunes might possibly have a different opinion. But though Mr. Wendell is too optimistic in his general summary of results, he tells his little tragedies pleasantly enough, and some of the characters he sketches, though slight, are amiable.

Mr. Bynner says that the story of *Agnes Surriage* is true, but it is none the better for that. It treats of how Frankland, the Collector of Boston in the reign of George II., loved Agnes Surriage, a fisher-girl, and lived with her for some years, after which the earthquake of Lisbon frightened him out of his ungodly ways, and he married her. The early parts of the story contain a great deal

of conversation in the most appalling dialect that ever printer attempted to reproduce. It is simply unintelligible, and has to be left out. Happily there is no reason to suppose that anything said in it is of essential importance to the plot, such as it is. It is suggested that the refusal of society at Boston to receive Miss Surriage when she was openly living with Frankland as his mistress was hypocritical and wicked. The suggestion is silly, inasmuch as it is obvious that the only alternative was to receive her as if it did not matter. The book is dull and much too long.

The *Chronicles of the Coniston Family* is dedicated to Mr. Ruskin, who will no doubt be gratified by the choice of the family's name. It is an extraordinary production. In the first place, Mr. Charlesworth is less acquainted with the art of writing stories than one would have supposed it humanly possible to be. He does not know that "gossip" is primarily a substantive, and always says "gossiper"; he speaks of a shop being "comparatively much forsaken in the winter-time"; he tells of one who "drinks a glass of ale sometimes, but never more than two at one time"; he asserts that "a largish quantity of Mrs. Jackson's pathos came from a sense of the dissolution of a little castle built in her breast from a prospective marriage between her divinity and the Squire's younger son"—and all this in his first two and a half pages. The Squire just mentioned is intended to win the sympathies of the reader, and yet Mr. Charlesworth makes the old ruffian smoke a cigar while he is drinking port, even to "the last glass in the decanter, and, this being the anniversary day of his wife's death, he told Ned to ring for another bottle." One surprising habit of Mr. Charlesworth's is putting in bits of the story in footnotes. For instance, somebody says that "She thought Mr. Edmund must have gone through to Whorlton without stopping." And, on looking at the bottom of the page, we find, "She said, also, Mr. William might be coming back from London." As for the story, it is neither clear nor interesting until halfway through the book, when all of a sudden the beginning of a chapter discloses the hero in a ruined abbey, whither he had carried the heroine. A parenthesis discloses that "(he had found her in the summer-house completely paralysed and speechless*)," and a footnote that "Details of the condition in which he found her given incidentally in the next three chapters." She dies without delay while he is watching two murderers burying the corpse of his brother, and one of them throwing the other down a well. The detection and capture of the second murderer are clumsily effected and elaborately described. After he is hanged, he appears to a curate in a cave. "Is there such a penalty as eternal punishment, may I ask?" says the curate. "No," says the appearance, "even I have only one hundred years." Then the story ends, and we suddenly discover that it is only "Book I." of the *Chronicles*, of which the title-page gives no hint. It concludes with a footnote more like the playbill of a romantic drama than anything else. "Book II.," it announces, "will contain an account of the restoration of Coniston Abbey, and the appearance of Helen [the late heroine's] spirit in it during a midnight Sacrament, the removal into the Abbey of Wyberg's bones," and other startling events, the whole concluding with "the drowning in a soft-water tub of Miss Winston's eldest brother."

MR. MAXWELL LYTE'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.*

WE congratulate the University of Oxford on having found at last a historian at once learned and readable. In a single volume of 484 pages, written in an easy style, Mr. Lyte narrates the vicissitudes through which Oxford has passed from the earliest times to the year 1530; and he has wisely not neglected the graces of elegant binding, clear type, and appropriate head- and tail-pieces to his chapters. We do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Lyte has written a popular history, in the usual sense of that word. He has aimed at producing a combination of antiquarian research and historical construction, which shall be at once thorough and attractive, and we must admit that, in the main, he has been successful. The contents of such a work cannot be uniformly interesting. It is not Mr. Lyte's fault that a long period of the life-history of Oxford was wasted in ignoble squabbles between the clerks and the citizens. These matters had to be dealt with; but we think that by a different arrangement much of the dreariness which we find at times in his narrative might have been done away with. We should like to have seen a general introductory sketch, followed by a bold subdivision of the main matter of the work into subjects instead of into periods. We would have thrown into one chapter the relations between the University and the town; into another, those between the same body and the monastic orders; into a third, the rise and development of the collegiate system; into a fourth, the student-life of the middle ages, and so on. As it is, the interesting portions are separated by spaces which it needs some resolution to get over; and we are afraid that readers deficient in that quality may exclaim in their haste, "All historians are dull." Lastly, we desiderate a brief chronological summary, and a far more copious index. That which Mr. Lyte gives us is merely a string of names, with numbers appended to them; whereas, for a work such as his,

* *A History of the University of Oxford from the Earliest Times to the Year 1530.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, M.A., F.S.A., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records. London: Macmillan & Co.

which is nothing if not a book of reference, the index should be practically a careful summary of the contents. But it is always easier to point out mistakes and omissions than to avoid making them; and we would not have drawn attention to these had we not hoped by so doing to induce Mr. Lyte to adopt a somewhat different method in his subsequent volumes.

Historians of a particular place or period are too much in the habit of prefacing their special piece of research by a lengthy introduction wholly beside the purpose of the main work, though it may be interesting enough in itself, after the manner of the mediæval chroniclers, who invariably began with Paradise and the fall of man. Mr. Lyte does not fall into this error. In his first chapter, after a brief but picturesque survey of the mediæval City of Oxford, he plunges at once into the direct subject-matter of his work, and discusses the beginnings of the University which has slowly but surely supplanted the burghers, and almost ousted them from their own domain. Such an opening is far more interesting than a long story about mediæval studies, the schools of Bologna and Paris, and the like; or even than a refutation of the various "falsehoods with which ignorance and fraud have obscured the true history of Oxford," as the attempts to connect University College with Alfred the Great, and other similar myths, are severely but most truly designated. These are discussed and disposed of in the ninth chapter.

It is commonly believed, we imagine, that a University came into being, with its statutes and its colleges—fully armed, like a second Pallas—at the mandate of some enlightened mediæval sovereign, who had exclaimed one day, "By our Lady and Saint Nicholas, I will found a University!" This popular notion is even more erroneous than popular notions usually are. The very name University has now come to be used in a sense wholly foreign to mediæval ideas. A *Universitas* was "a community of individuals bound together by some more or less acknowledged tie," such as a trades guild, a body of canons, the churches of an arch-deaconry, and the like. It is sometimes used to denote the commonality of the town of Oxford. A place of study in the middle ages was usually called a *studium*, or *studium generale*; but subsequently the word *universitas* came to be employed in a technical sense as synonymous with *studium*, to denote the institution, as distinguished from the persons using it. For instance, Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1240, speaks of the *Scholares Universitatis Oxoniensis*. Mr. Lyte thinks that this was a purely English use, for the University of Paris is spoken of at the same period as "the University of the Masters," or "the University of the Scholars" of Paris. He might have added that in the same way a college (*collegium*) signified originally the persons who were associated together for a common purpose, and not the building in which they dwelt.

We are so much in the habit of looking at a University from the collegiate point of view that it requires a considerable effort of imagination to realize the fact that, both at Oxford and Cambridge, the University was a flourishing institution for a long period before colleges were thought of. Such, however, was undoubtedly the case. For what reason either locality was selected as suitable for a *studium* cannot now be ascertained; but it is undoubtedly the fact that when the curtain rises on University history we find at both places an unpremeditated, self-governing association of students. We are equally in the dark as to the precise period when these students, who probably formed independent groups according to the nature of their studies, were welded together into a corporate body. At first they would be all Englishmen; but gradually, in consequence probably of the reputation of a particular teacher, they were joined by students from beyond sea. This cosmopolitan character of the mediæval Universities is one of their most remarkable characteristics. At Bologna the law students were divided, nearly equally, into Italians and foreigners; and at Paris the four "nations" composing the Faculty of Arts were natives of France, England, Normandy, and Picardy. The same was the case at Oxford. Mr. Lyte shows that the first scholar whose name has been preserved was a native of Hungary; and as his narrative proceeds we find continual references to the presence of foreigners, both as students and teachers. Among the former he does his best to include the illustrious name of Dante. It must not be supposed that these mediæval students passed through a regular course of study, and, after residence during a prescribed number of terms, with due observance of the rules pertaining to chapel, hall, and gates, passed to their final degree if fortunate enough to satisfy the examiners. A man was sent to Oxford to learn what he could, and when he or his parents considered that that end had been sufficiently attained, or his money was all spent, he went away again, without any formal certificate, so far as we know, of the peculiar advantages he had enjoyed. Meanwhile he had lodged and lived as he pleased, or as his means permitted him. Chaucer's clerk of Oxenforde, Hendy Nicholas, lodged and boarded with a carpenter. The University did not, at least at first, take any formal cognizance of his presence. Matriculation was not thought of before the middle of the fifteenth century. The changes which have resulted in our present system were very gradual. A degree, for instance, was at first a safeguard invented by the teachers to prevent the interference of unlicensed interlopers. As Mr. Mullinger puts it, "the possession of a University degree was originally nothing else than the possession of a diploma to exercise the function of teaching." The graduate was styled "Magister," "Doctor," or more rarely "Professor," of the subject he had to teach, while the young man who had ceased to be a pupil, but had

not yet become a teacher, was styled a "Bachelor." It would be beside our present purpose to discuss the etymology of this word, on which much has been written; but it may be safely assumed that it came to us from the French *bachelier*, which meant an apprentice generally, and especially as aspirant to knighthood. The intercourse with Paris, which we have already noticed, is sufficient to account for the introduction of such a term—if, indeed, the whole system of degrees was not borrowed from that "Sinai of instruction." There was no formal admission to the rank of Bachelor; but of the quaint and costly ceremonial attendant on Inception, or admission to the rank of Magister, Mr. Lyte gives a full and very curious account in his eighth chapter. The only statutes by which the community was governed were enactments sanctioned from time to time, as occasion demanded some legislative interference, and the only authority was that of the Chancellor and Proctors. The former was at first merely a delegate of the Bishop of Lincoln, who, as diocesan, had episcopal jurisdiction over the clerks of Oxford; but gradually he grew into an independent official, of whom the bishops became not unreasonably jealous.

Another important point, which previous writers have scarcely noticed, is well brought out by Mr. Lyte—namely, the poverty of Oxford, in common with other mediæval universities. The University, as such, had neither lands nor houses. The schools required for instruction were hired from year to year. Until 1320, when the Congregation House on the north side of St. Mary's Church was begun by Thomas Cobham, the Faculty of Arts used to assemble in the Church of St. Mildred, and degrees were conferred in that of St. Mary. This church seems to have been regarded as to a certain extent the home of the University, for there, in all probability, were kept the chests containing the different sums of money bequeathed for the benefit of poor scholars. At an earlier period the processional cross of the University, extorted by royal command in 1268 from the offending Jews, was kept for safety at St. Frideswyde's. Until 1327 no one thought of giving or bequeathing books to the University; and Cobham's Library, though bequeathed in that year, was not made available for use until 1367, when the books were chained to desks in the Congregation House for public use. This poverty, as Mr. Lyte shows, had "some compensating advantages, for as the clerks were not tied to a particular town by material interests, they could with light hearts threaten to migrate in a body whenever the townsmen gave them cause of complaint." Two such migrations did, in fact, take place; to Northampton in 1264, and to Stamford in 1334. The memory of the secession to the latter place was not expunged from the statute book until 1827. Candidates for a degree were obliged to swear that they would neither hear nor attend lectures at Stamford.

For those who are acquainted with a modern University—of which, notwithstanding a few occasional and very venial backslidings, law-abiding, orderly conduct is a common characteristic—it is difficult to realize the condition of mediæval Oxford, as it may be picked out of Mr. Lyte's sober narrative. The town, it must be remembered, was then inclosed by walls, of which a portion still exists, while the direction of the remainder is well known, and can readily be pointed out. The majority of students—the number of which, though grossly exaggerated even by contemporaries, could hardly, in the palmiest days of the University, have been less than 2,000—lodged within the walls, in a space already tightly packed with burghers. The town was noisome and even pestilential. Butchers slaughtered beasts at Carfax; chandlers melted grease in the open street; brewers and bakers used water from streams little better than sewers. In the midst of this dense population the scholars were compelled to find chambers, either, as we noticed above, in the houses of townspeople, or in houses of their own, called halls, which probably did not greatly differ in arrangement from those of the burghers, or excel them in comfort. The frightful picture which Erasmus drew of his experiences in one of the colleges at Paris—the coarse, unwholesome food; the bed on the damp floor; the swarms of vermin—might probably have been written of many a hall in mediæval Oxford. For all these discomforts it is evident that the scholars paid high, and many of the riots which fill so large a space in Mr. Lyte's narrative were probably provoked by substantial grievances of this kind. When we have added to these the general roughness and lawlessness of the time, and taken into consideration the strange mixture of nationalities there brought together—French, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh—understanding each other's language imperfectly; Northerners jealous of Southerners; seculars jealous of regulars, both jealous of laymen—we shall have formed some conception of the Babel of discord that must have been almost the normal condition of that angry beehive. Blows were exchanged on the slightest provocation. The celebration of the festival of a patron saint, which the scholars of a given nationality attended shouting and singing, masked and crowned with garlands, often ended in a sanguinary brawl. More frequently still the whole Academic body sank their private differences in a free fight with the townsmen, the usual result of which was a temporary check to the clerks, followed by a substantial humiliation of their adversaries. The town was laid under an interdict, a fine was levied, and some fresh privilege was accorded to the University. As instances of this we may cite Mr. Lyte's account of the invasion of the Jewry by the clerks in 1244, the riots of 1248, when a scholar was killed in the street by the townspeople, or the still greater disturbances of 1298. If law be silent while arms are clashing, it is marvellous that the voice

of learning could have made itself heard amid such a tumult as this.

The connexion of the Monastic Orders with the English Universities, and especially with Oxford, though more than one recent historian has treated of it, is a subject which would well repay further investigation. Mr. Lyte devotes considerable space to it; but we are doubtful whether even he fully realizes the paramount importance of it as bearing upon the general history of the place, and especially upon the subsequent establishment of the collegiate system. The Mendicant Orders, as might be expected from the nature of their constitutions, were the first to enter upon this new field of missionary enterprise. The Dominicans, already an influential body in connexion with the schools of Paris, appeared at Oxford in 1222, and, having acquired certain tenements in the heart of the Jewry, opened a small school called St. Edward's School. The Franciscans followed in 1224, and, like their precursors, found a lodging within the walls, "where many Bachelors and many eminent men" took the vows of the Order. Both these bodies subsequently removed to sites outside the walls on the south side of the city. The older Orders, on the other hand, did not show themselves equally eager for learning or for proselytes. More than thirty years elapsed before the Carmelites established themselves in the fields of Beaumont; the Augustinian house outside Smith Gate, where Wadham College now stands, was not begun until 1268, and the Cistercians did not come to Rewley until 1281. The three latter Orders gave the University no trouble, and the Franciscans were chiefly notorious for their quarrels with the Dominicans, the excellence of their teaching, and the distinction of their members. A house which could number a Grosseteste among its doctors and a Roger Bacon among its brethren could hardly fail to be an ornament to a University. But it was otherwise with the Dominicans. Having profited by the celebrity of the University to attain a powerful independence, they turned upon their benefactors "as that ungrateful gull, the cuckoo-bird, useth the sparrow," and claimed complete immunity from the statutes which regulated procedure to the higher degrees. They themselves, they maintained, and they only, were the proper judges of the fitness of members of their Order. This audacious attempt, which, had it succeeded, would have placed their convent almost on an equality with the adjoining University, failed completely; but it occasioned much troublesome litigation and more than the usual amount of ill-feeling. A band of secular students forced the gates of the Dominican convent, beat the inmates, and overthrew the altars and images in the church. For an historian of the University the quarrel is chiefly interesting as having been the indirect cause of establishing the rule that for the future no statute should be valid which had not been passed by both Regents and non-Regents—that is, by the two Houses into which the Senate was divided within the memory of persons still living. These regular monastic houses were, of course, quite independent of the monastic colleges, which form a peculiar feature of mediæval Oxford. The Benedictines were the first to establish, in 1283, a house for student-monks of their Order, called Gloucester Hall, which still, as Worcester College, preserves some signs of its ancient destination. Three years later the Benedictines of Durham founded Durham College (now Trinity College), to which Richard of Bury bequeathed his celebrated Library; and in 1363 the Benedictines of Canterbury founded Canterbury College (now absorbed in Christ Church). Both these colleges were for the special benefit of student-monks of the convents which founded them. In the same way St. Bernard's College (now St. John's) was founded for student-monks of the Cistercian order. The opportunities for education thus offered do not appear to have been very generally taken advantage of, and the number of monks studying at any one time in Oxford was not considerable. Still, the movement is an interesting one, as showing on the one hand the anxiety of the monasteries for the intellectual improvement of their members; and, on the other, the wide influence which the University had begun to exercise in the country at a comparatively early date.

The gradual establishment of the collegiate system, which now, both at Oxford and Cambridge, has completely overshadowed the purely academical organization that preceded it, naturally occupies a considerable place in Mr. Lyte's narrative, though it is properly subordinated to the main purpose of his work. In our present remarks we can only draw attention to one or two points in connexion with it. As we stated above, it seems probable that the success which attended the establishment of the Mendicant Orders at Oxford, and the ability with which they drew promising students into their convents, was the direct cause of the foundation of institutions which should offer advantages of equal value to the secular clergy. Jealousy of the monastic system explains Merton's reiterated prohibitions to his scholars to take vows, and especially to enter what was technically called "the religious life"—prohibitions which were tacitly, if not directly, copied by other founders. It must be further remembered that the education of young men was not the primary object in the mind of collegiate founders. They rather contemplated a provision for the teachers (*magistri*), to make them independent of students' fees, and give them leisure for study. Merton's "scholars" were to submit to a year's novitiate, a provision which indicates a maturer age than that of a modern undergraduate; and in other colleges the members are to be Masters of Arts before they can be admitted to what we should nowadays call a fellowship. All Souls College, in fact, which we are apt to regard as a curiously abnormal institution, is the single survival of a system

which was once almost universal. Wykeham, on the other hand, whose splendid foundation was established a century and a quarter after Merton's, must clearly have intended it for the benefit of the young, just as Edward III., fifty years previously, had founded King's Hall at Cambridge for the same purpose. But the distinctive characteristics of collegiate life, as we understand it—the members of the foundation on the one hand, and the pensioners, originally those who paid a rent (*pensio*) for their food, lodging, and instruction, on the other—were arrived at very slowly; and, as the statutes show, the introduction of pensioners was conceded with special reluctance. This last innovation, however, having been accepted, the halls became gradually deserted in favour of the colleges, which, as the number of their inmates increased, grew in popularity and influence, until they had absorbed the whole academical population, and drawn into their own hands the chief share in the government of the University.

GOLFING.*

IT is not easy to understand what the publishers mean by calling this little volume "a new work on Golf, containing fresh and reliable data concerning the ancient game." The first twenty-six pages, illustrations and all, appear to us (though we have not collated word by word throughout) to be a mere reprint of *A Few Rambling Remarks on Golf* (W. & R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh, 1862). In the *Rambling Remarks*, as here, the history of golf is dismissed in some thirty lines, with a reference to the old story of Charles I. and the news of the Irish Rebellion. There is an additional illustration, opposite p. 25; but that does not atone for the want of "reliable data" about mediæval golfing. The curious will find a better account of the old Acts of Parliament against golf (for a royal game royalty had a curious animosity to the pastime) in *Historical Gossip about Golf and Golfing* (by a Golfer "Far and Sure." Printed by John Hughes, Thistle Street, Edinburgh, 1863). That little work shows that golf was restricted by law (as too peaceful a diversion) in 1457—"That the fute-ball and golfe be utterly cryed downe, and not to be used." Again, in 1491, an Act was passed "that in na place of the realme ther be used fute ball, golfe, or other sik unprofitable sportes." The same little volume contains a few inadequate remarks on the *Jeu de Mail*, a kind of French golf once played in the Mall. Prior's *Hints on Croquet* (1872) give a better description of the *Jeu de Mail*, but the great authority is *Le Jeu de Mail* (Paris, 1717, Figures par de Mortain), a work which Cohen prices at ten francs, though as many guineas were asked for Beckford's copy. A game of a similar character is described by M. Zola, but not intelligibly, in *Germinal*, and by Charles Deulin in *Contes du Roi Cambrinus*. "Fresh and reliable data" on these matters would be very welcome, but they are not in Messrs. Chambers's *Golfing*, "a new work on golf." After the first twenty-six pages come nine irregular sonnets on the Nine Holes at St. Andrews, by the late Mr. Robert Chambers, by his son, and Mr. Patrick Alexander, mourned by all golfers. Mr. Alexander's sonnet on "Hell" (in the fifth Hole) is worthy of Dante:—

And frequent from within come tones of fear—
Dread sound of cleecks which ever smite in vain.

What a good line, too, is this from "The Heather Hole" !—

Or wandering homeless through a world of whins.

But the Heather Hole, for whins, is nothing to Wimbledon. After the sonnets come three pages on Allen Robertson and Tom Morris, then a quaint account of a Highlander who carried clubs where his fathers carried claymores near Preston Pans, and after that a long romance of a pulpit won by golfing—a queer and rather humorous tale. Our sympathies are with the loser "frae the cauld side o' the Forth." "The Golfer at Home" is a capital sketch from the *Cornhill* of 1867, probably the best account of golfing at St. Andrews ever written. Then there are some poems which contain puns, and do not invite perusal. A record of matches of 1886; the rules of the game; a glossary of terms; a list of clubs, an index, a portrait of Tom Morris (a very good one), and a copy of a photograph of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, complete this "new work on golf containing fresh and reliable data." We do not quite see the freshness of the data, unless it be found in the useful list of golf clubs. A proper history of golf, not a thing of shreds and patches, and old bits of borrowed information, would be very agreeable reading; and we wonder that some St. Andrews professor of something else does not, in the manner of professors, oblige the world with such a volume.

The *Golfiana Miscellanea*, edited by T. L. Stewart, is perhaps a little more unsatisfactory than *Golfing*, because there is more of it. The book is merely a scrapbook of "cuttings" on Golf, and pretends to be no more. Here is the old *Cornhill* article again, with one or two others from newspapers. Here is *The Goff*, a tedious brief mock-heroic poem, first published in 1743. There are other scraps of verse and prose, containing anecdotes pretty well worn. The best thing "between the two boards" is "The Game and How to Play it," by Mr. H. B. Farnie (1857). This is really well worth reading by practical golfers. This portion of the volume

* *Golfing: a Handbook to the Royal and Ancient Game*. London: W. & R. Chambers. 1887.

Golfiana Miscellanea. By T. L. Stewart. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1887.

would have made a useful little book by itself, and is none the better, and much the less handy, for being bound up with mixed matter like an article on "Dutch Kolf." Here we learn that Golf and Kolf are probably derived from the Greek word *καλοφος* (*sic*). We can imagine nothing less probable or even possible. An article on Alan Robertson, from the *Dundee Advertiser* (September, 1859), was worth preserving. Alan's best round, at St. Andrews, was 79. A selected round, from his best holes, was 56; but no one is ever likely to do the round in that number. He had done the long hole in 4, and (it is said) the short hole in 1. But that, if true, was a fluke.

A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.*

A SENTENCE in Mr. Fyffe's preface may perhaps raise a smile in those who have observed certain characteristics of a not unnumerous or undistinguished class to which Mr. Fyffe belongs—the class of the young or youngish Radical don. He tells us that "the completion of this volume has been delayed by almost every circumstance adverse to historical study and production, including a severe Parliamentary contest. I trust, however, that no trace of partisanship or unrest appears in this work, which I have valued for the sake of the mental discipline which it demanded." It is very interesting to know that Mr. Fyffe feels the value of mental discipline and desires not to be a partisan, and not uninteresting to know that he wishes to avoid signs of unrest in his composition. We do not, indeed, exactly know what these might have been, or whether Mr. Fyffe alludes to such wrestlings with the Evil One as Luther underwent on the Wartburg. We can see no evidence of an actual conflict of the kind, though there certainly is some of partisanship—such as a singular outburst in a footnote (entirely on the subject of boots) about the noble conduct of the Welsh in returning Gladstonian candidates, and the following odd passage about the inhabitants of Scio:—

The picture of Chian life, as we know now by those who have judged the Greeks most severely, is one of singular beauty and interest; the picture of a self-governing society in which the family trained the citizen in its own bosom, and in which while commerce enriched all, the industry of the poor within their houses and in their gardens was refined by the practice of an art. The skill which gave its value to the embroidery and to the dyes of Chios was increased by those who also worked the handloom and cultivated the mastic and the rose. The taste and the labour of man required nature's gifts of sky, soil, and sea; and in the pursuit of occupations which stimulated, not deadened, the faculties of the worker, sickness and intemperance were alike unknown. How bright a scene of industry when compared with the grime and squalor of the English factory town, where the human and the inanimate machine grind out their yearly mountains of iron ware and calico, in order that the employer may vie with his neighbours in soulless ostentation, and the workman consume his millions upon millions in drink.

Very prettily written; but does Mr. Fyffe really think that the ostentatiousness of capitalists and the thirst of workmen are efficient causes of a state of things which more prosaic minds assign to coal, steam, the climate of England, the growth of population, &c.? or will he take refuge with the theologians and distinguish between the *iva ekbatikon* and the *iva nitiatikon*?

To drop badinage, however, and, after the acknowledgment which justice demands of the existence *chez* Mr. Fyffe of that curious priggishness and doctrinarism which distinguishes the University wit who turns Radical, justice will also that we speak in favourable terms on the whole of his work. The old, or rather the new, Adam of Gladstonianism peeps out now and then; but it is clear that Mr. Fyffe has made an honest effort to choke it down. The way in which he speaks almost throughout on Wellington (the only exception is a rather silly note on the Duke's habit of hunting abroad) shows clear perception and an equitable mind, and is most instructive to contrast with the terms in which men of genius far superior to Mr. Fyffe's, such as Hazlitt and Heine, used to speak of the Duke sixty years ago. He is also just to Castlereagh, and his reference to that unfortunate statesman's death is in excellent taste, and one of the best written passages of a well, if rather stiffly, written book. He is distinctly unjust to Metternich; but to expect a modern Radical to be just to Metternich would be itself unjust. His language in reference to the best of the French Restoration statesmen—Richelieu, Villèle, Martignac—is quite refreshingly fair, and certainly nobody, whatever his principles, can find fault with him for the manner in which he speaks of such deadly foes in reality to Legitimism as the Ferdinands and the Miguels of Southern Europe. Furthermore, it is quite evident that he has taken very great trouble to ascertain his facts from the best authorities, and that he has not knowingly excluded or neglected any source of information open to him. These are no small merits, and we have the greater pleasure in acknowledging them that we are, on the whole, as Mr. Jagers would say, "over the way" to Mr. Fyffe in our view of many, if not of all, general questions in politics.

His book is open to a little exception (as was the former volume, but even more so) on the score of scheme and plan. We can hardly think that Mr. Fyffe has pursued the useful, or rather indispensable, method of arranging a regular scheme of his volume, and apportioning beforehand at least a proportion of space to particular periods and particular subjects. The want of this is especially noteworthy in two respects. No doubt the first

half of Mr. Fyffe's present period is fuller of events than the second; but hardly so much so, we think, as to justify the assignment of fully four hundred pages to the first seventeen years (1814–1831), and barely one hundred to the last seventeen (1831–1848). It is impossible to resist the conclusion that Mr. Fyffe found he was outrunning his limits, and so had, as Dryden says, to "run huddling to" the end. This is especially clear when we note the differences of scale between, say, the Greek insurrection and the Spanish Carlist War. This latter event, or series of events, is indeed the most meagrely treated of any in the book. Yet, again, Mr. Fyffe's treatment of English domestic affairs, though we admit the difficulty, seems to us to be unsatisfactory. Had he called his book a "History of the Continent of Europe," and boldly excluded England altogether, except in respect of her Continental policy, the result would, we think, have been more satisfactory than that of devoting space, but decidedly inadequate space, to subjects which, as we fully admit, he could not possibly have treated at any length commensurate to their importance. But it is much easier to find fault with the scheme of a book like this than to avoid the occasions of faultfinding; and we should have said little or nothing about it, except that Englishmen are notoriously more ignorant of the history of the last seventy years than of any other period, and that the works lately undertaken to supply this ignorance—such as Mr. Walpole's and Mr. McCarthy's—whatever their merits may be, are not such as to make a clear and comprehensive survey in common with Continental affairs at all superfluous or useless.

It is difficult to single out particular passages for comment in a history summarily despatching so great a number of important affairs; indeed, reviews of such books are too often apt to present the appearance of a duel between author and reviewer on some special fact in which the latter takes an interest. We may, however, mention the account of the Greek War of Independence and the passages devoted to the foreign policy of Castlereagh and Canning as good examples of Mr. Fyffe's handling. The first-named discussion is undoubtedly, as we have already hinted, out of proportion to the size of the book, of which it occupies a full seventh. But it is interesting and very well done in itself, however much the severe critic may object that some parts of it, such as the detailed notice of Koras or Coray, are out of place. It is to be noted that Mr. Fyffe does not in the least conceal the ferocity and treachery in which the Greeks showed themselves more than apt pupils of their Turkish masters; or the quite extraordinary lack of administrative and statesmanlike talent which distinguished them after the recovery of their independence. Some of his spellings, by the way, are peculiar. He admires the classification of modern Greek so much that we suppose we must hardly object to "Maurokordatos" instead of the familiar *Mavrocordato*. But surely the unfamiliar "Hypsilanti" is an odd compensation for "Armatole," which is in Mr. Fyffe's own notes printed in Greek letters, *ἀρματολός*?

In the Canning-Castlereagh question Mr. Fyffe distinctly leans to Castlereagh's side, and we agree with him. To call Canning a charlatan would now be excessive and inexcusable. But there is no doubt that he was the first of a succession of nominally Tory or Conservative statesmen who have been apparently much more set on dishing the Whigs and playing to the gallery than on maintaining Tory or Conservative principles. Mr. Fyffe does not seem, like some other Radicals or Liberals, to have been won over to Canning by this peculiarity, or by his other peculiarity of being a singularly bad colleague. With regard to Castlereagh, his exposition of that Minister's foreign policy, and of the foreign policy generally of England during the years immediately succeeding Waterloo, may be something of a revelation to those English Radicals who believe the said policy to have been partly directed by the Devil and partly by the Holy Alliance. And this exposition is the more remarkable in that Mr. Fyffe, like these Radicals, is by no means disposed to look on the anti-Gallican crusade with favour, though he has more sense and logic than to mistake with them the worst of tyrants for an apostle of Liberalism. The truth is (though Mr. Fyffe would probably not go quite as far as this with us) that until the untoward event of Navarino (of which, of course, he approves, though not of the mismanagement which followed), the foreign policy of England during these years was eminently wise. It began by setting its face against such mangling of France as that which, quietly permitted by an English Ministry fifty years later, has kept Europe in a ferment ever since; and, while lending its authority to discourage as far as possible the revolutionary spirit, it took care never to encourage the mere policy of stifling and strangling which, rather against than owing to Metternich's wishes, followed the conclaves of Troppau and Laibach, and provoked the outbreaks of 1830. Macaulay once asserted, with more or less truth, that his beloved William III. did not introduce the policy of incurring debt, but only that of honestly paying or providing for it. Of Canning something the same might be said in the other direction. He did not introduce the policy of favouring struggling nationalities, but only that of favouring them at the expense of English interests.

We note, by the way, in this context a sentence of Mr. Fyffe's which has so much reference to current events that, though it is rather unkind to a defeated Gladstonian candidate, we must quote it. "Canning," he says, "was a member of the Cabinet from 1816 to 1830. It is a poor compliment to him to suppose that he either exercised no influence upon his colleagues or acquiesced in a policy of which he disapproved." We can hardly suppose any reader so dense that a striking recent application of this very sensible sen-

* *A History of Modern Europe*. By C. A. Fyffe. Vol. II. 1814–1848. London: Cassell & Co.

tence does not occur to him. Do we not all know somebody—somebody whom Mr. Fyffe admires very much, somebody who was a member of Cabinets, not for four years, but at intervals, and those no long ones, for more than forty? Is it not a singularly poor compliment to suppose that this person either exercised no influence on his colleagues or acquiesced in a policy in which he disapproved? And if it be so (as certainly Mr. Fyffe after his own words cannot say us nay), what a very poor compliment it is to Mr. Gladstone to assert, as he and his friends do, that his Home Rule conversion was not a sudden volte-face, and that the devilishness and blackguardism of the Union had been abidingly present with him during the half-century of his Parliamentary life!

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE contents of this, "the Seventh Hahnemannian Oration," hardly justify its grandiose title. No "Revolution" has taken place, or apparently ever will take place, in medical science owing to homeopathy. A perverted panegyric of Hahnemann and his disciples, which is quite meet and proper coming from one of his school, would excite no comment, were it not marred by undeserved reproaches against those who do not belong to that school.

The spirit of the work is well exemplified in the following passage:—"Those who hate knowledge are many. Our work is for Truth and Justice and Light." After noting the modesty of this remark, we may well ask how it is that, if all medical scientists, outside the sacred circle of homeopathy, are "haters of knowledge," as the writer implies, such startling innovations as artificial Anæsthesia and Antiseptic Surgery have been welcomed throughout the medical world; and how such men as Pasteur and Koch are honoured and revered, even by those who most keenly criticize them?

Much stress is laid upon the grand initial experiment made by Hahnemann upon himself with Peruvian bark. We are told, indeed, that it inspired his new theory, by proving that this drug—the most potent alkaloid in which is quinine—when taken by a healthy person "produces an attack of chills and fever, indistinguishable from ague." This fact, if fact it be, can easily be tried by any one for himself. It is a fair and honest test of the accuracy of Hahnemann's generalizations. No one denies that Hahnemann was altogether right in opposing the monstrous therapeutics of his time—all honour to him for doing so; but the reforms which have taken place in medicine since then would have occurred had he never lived. And to exalt him into the position of a grand, solitary, and Heaven-inspired apostle of truth, at the expense of all the earnest, sincere, and unprejudiced men who have worked reform in the same field since his time, and who honestly differ from him, is a mistake, if not an impertinence. There is little, if any, scientific material to criticize in the work, which, as we have already said, is merely an inflated eulogium of the peculiar system which the author professes to practise, addressed to "ladies and gentlemen"; and it is difficult to say what is the object of presenting this "oration" to the general public in the form of a book.

It is indeed refreshing to turn from this to a work of genuine scientific interest, the modest title of which is more than justified by its contents. The book consists of eight chapters, each of which deals with widely different subjects, but equally well repays perusal. It is written in language at once forcible, graceful, and lucid, and shows the author to be not only a profoundly thoughtful physician, but a masterly writer as well. Perhaps the chapter on the Causes and Cure of Insomnia is the most practical in the series, but it is hard to give the palm to any where all are so good.

Laryngeal Phthisis is admirably sketched, and the same may be said of the significance of the Accentuation of the Pulmonary Second Sound of the Heart. Mankind would have been more largely blessed had the sage advice or rebuke contained in the paper on Therapeutic Progress not been so necessary:—"When we would ascend from particulars to generals, credulity is our bane, and scepticism our duty." Every physician will find "something to his advantage" in this work, which, though all too brief, is a distinct acquisition to medical literature.

In the third edition of Dr. Roese's book we have an able treatise upon one of the most complex problems of medical science. Gout is a short word, but covers a whole phalanx of pathological phenomena, which have given rise to endless theories and disputes. The reason for all these divergent views may be found in the fact frankly stated by the author that "the sources and origin of uric acid in the system, even under normal circumstances, are still to be reckoned among the obscure points of physiology." Dr. Roese's own view that the liver is the *fons et origo* of the gouty dyscrasia is stated with great clearness and cogency of reasoning; while at the same time the opposing views of Senator, who lays the chief blame on the spleen, Garrod, who traces the mischief to the kidneys, and others who believe in the neurotic origin of gout, are discussed with a fulness and an impartiality

worthy of all praise. The spirit of judicial fairness which runs through the work marks the difference between the true man of science and the egotistic enthusiast. It may be noted, however, in regard to gouty eczema, that some experienced dermatologists deny the existence of such a malady, believing that, although gout and eczema frequently co-exist, the two diseases stand in no causal relation to each other. The chapter on Treatment is full of sound rational advice, and the work, as a whole, must be ranked among the best of the many that have been written on the subject.

THREE NOVELS.*

UNCLE MAX belongs to a type of story which has rather gone out of vogue, as Miss Carey has sought the fountain-head of her inspiration in the most generally popular, though not the greatest, of the Brontë novels. Giles Hamilton reproduces a familiar figure; his shattered illusions, his brusquerie, his physical strength and forbidding appearance obviously recall the masterful original. Nor does the resemblance cease here. Miss Garston (Jane Eyre), though a voluntary hospital nurse, strictly belongs to the plain governess class of heroines. But Miss Carey is not a slavish imitator. She has had the good sense to tone down the more violent traits she has quite legitimately borrowed, and, above all, has avoided the unnatural straining after passion—a defect of which too many of Charlotte Brontë's followers have been guilty. The result is a very pleasant and readable novel, and, although telling a story in the first person is not a commendable practice, the method is appropriate to this kind of fiction, and is managed with fair success. Miss Carey has also worked out her plot with care, while her writing certainly reaches a very high average of merit. The part played by Miss Garston is just that which an enthusiastic schoolgirl might imagine for herself, and the atmosphere of the book is one of somewhat immature enthusiasms. Situations and incidents alike belong rather to the day-dreams proper to the threshold of life than to genuine experience and observation of the world. Miss Garston is the good angel of the story. Her sincerity enables her to unravel a tangled web of intrigue in a manner to heal various misunderstandings, and she finally becomes herself the possession of the kindly but forbidding doctor. People who like a good old-fashioned ending may be recommended to read *Uncle Max*; we close the last volume amidst a general clashing of marriage-bells. But Miss Carey deserves a special word of praise for her sympathetic study of a shrewd, insubordinate child with a touch of romance in her nature. There is also some humour in making the ne'er-do-well of the story, who aspired to be an artist, gain his livelihood by house-painting while under a temporary cloud.

Miss Fothergill must have echoed Byron's cry for a hero, for it is the craving after an original heroine which has led her astray in her new book. She has drawn a character, which she supposes to be peculiarly attractive to men, precisely by the absence of all womanly qualities and instincts. Miss Fothergill is not alone in this error; she has many confederates among the feminine novelists of the day. But her mistake is to be regretted, for in other hands the idea of *The Enthusiast* might have been developed into an excellent novel. It is true that the conception of a woman experimenting with life either to satisfy a dramatic instinct, or, as in the case of Miss Maryla Goldengay, to gain experience for fiction, is not altogether new. But with skilful treatment it may yield a variety of amusing and pathetic situations. Common sense, however, is necessary to warn the writer from wandering off into exaggeration, and it is the absence of this quality which makes *The Enthusiast* grotesque. Miss Maryla Goldengay is of course of Polish origin—Polish descent excuses all eccentricities in fiction—and is endowed with great literary gifts, besides remarkable wit and beauty. Unfortunately we have to accept these statements solely upon the authority of Miss Fothergill herself. We search Miss Maryla Goldengay's conversation and repartees in vain for some trace of the wit and genius which secured her a royal progress through the world. One execrable pun and a few rude sallies, intolerable in a schoolgirl, are all our reward. We are sorry for the society of Rillford, a provincial town which it is not too difficult to identify under this alias, when it bows down before the idol. Yet it is in virtue of her brilliant qualities and her self-dedication to fiction that Miss Goldengay's "aberrations" of conduct are excused. These consist, in plain English, of interposing between a father and his daughters (we are quite with Miss Richardson in calling her parent infatuated); of luring on a stupid vulgar man, and putting herself into his power for the sake of "copy"; and of committing bigamy on the calculation that husband number two will probably die before husband number one has returned from Australia. The crowning offence against good sense and good taste, however, consists in a justification on the loftiest grounds by number one (who returns before the time) of his wife's action. Some suspicion of the extravagance into which she has been led seems, indeed, to haunt Miss Fothergill towards the close of her third volume. We gather that she would have us apply Mme. de Staël's open verdict on her own heroine—"Je

* *The Revolution in Medicine*. By John H. Clarke, M.D. London: Keene & Ashwell; Kempton. New York: Boericke & Tafel.

Contributions to Practical Medicine. By James Sawyer, Knt. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers.

Gout, and its Relations to Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. By James Roese, M.D., F.C.S. Third edition. London: H. K. Lewis. 1887.

* *Uncle Max*. By Miss R. N. Carey. London: Bentley & Son.

The Enthusiast. By Miss Fothergill. London: Ward & Downey.

Benedictus. By the Author of "Estelle." London: George Bell & Sons.

ne veux ni la blâmer ni l'absoudre"—to Miss Mariya Goldengay. But that is quite impossible.

The reintroduction of characters from an earlier work, published some years ago, of which the reader may very probably be ignorant, is a piece of self-indulgence in an author which needs some excuse. But there are more considerable drawbacks to *Benedictus* than this, and the author of *Estelle* has certainly not improved on the earlier venture. Her novel is a story of Jewish life which has some interesting touches of Jewish thought and feeling here and there. But they suffer severely from a very painful style. The sentences are cumbrous and heavy, and would furnish the curious collector with involutions and anacolutha *plusquam* Thucydidean. One slight instance may stand for many. "A short railway journey landed them in the midst of a busy neighbourhood, in the very centre of the city, and from this spot, through wide, noisy, ugly roadways, and a network of small streets and alleys, to a crowded thoroughfare, where a row of hay-carts and waggons were drawn up, dangerously and promiscuously, as it appeared, among omnibuses and trams." There are more characters, again, than the canvas will bear; and the painful exercise of mastering their cross-relationships would remind any one who needed it that the Jews have not yet emerged beyond the tribal stage. Incident, moreover, there is none; and the gradual coming together of Miss Thyra Freund and Adrian Benedictus does duty for plot. Miss Freund is the girl *incomprise*; she has a pleasant home, affectionate friends, and an unusual share of the good things of life. Naturally she is tormented with that malady of dissatisfaction and restlessness incident to the modern young lady in prosperous circumstances. She finds a temporary distraction in managing a Relief Fund for Kettle Court and Paradise Place by correspondence with the inhabitants, a system calculated to make the Charity Organization Society throw up its hands in despair. Fortunately before these desirable neighbourhoods are quite demoralized, a sufficient excitement in the person of Mr. Adrian Benedictus, a Roumanian Jew, presents himself to Miss Freund's notice. Benedictus belongs to "an order of fine and imposing-statured manhood." But his manners are rude and bearish, and his sincerity is of the kind which is chiefly exemplified by trampling on other people's feelings.

BOOKS OF DIVINITY.*

THE Altar Book, as its title indicates, is evidently designed for the use of the celebrant at the Altar. It contains the Order of Holy Communion and of the Solemnization of Matrimony, together with the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and festivals throughout the year. These last are divided in half—as is customary in Roman missals for like reasons of practical convenience—so as to place the actual Communion Service in the middle of the volume, which is so arranged that there is no need to turn over the page during the Consecration Prayer. It is printed in bold, clear type on thick paper, with red lines and rubrics, and seems well adapted for its purpose. We do not quite see why, as the Marriage Service has been included, the Churching Service, which is also read at the Altar, should have been left out.

Dr. Bruce is a Professor in the Free Church College at Glasgow, and his lectures, on the *Miraculous Element in the Gospels*, were originally delivered at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. The method adopted is apologetic rather than exegetical, and they deal with the "philosophical, historical, critical, and dogmatic" aspects of the question. The general principle of the treatise is summed up in the two opening lectures on Miracle in

relation to theories of the Universe and to the Order of Nature, and in the last on Christianity without Miracle, which contains the author's reply to the current popular objections—formulated in different ways by writers like Mr. Arnold, Strauss, and Renan—to the whole idea of the miraculous. He is clearly right in maintaining that much of the prevalent unbelief in the supernatural has its root in *a priori* speculative—and often very arbitrary—reasoning, and therefore remains untouched by any amount of evidence adduced in particular cases. We are not equally clear that he is right in allowing that a rejection of the miraculous as such, or a belief in the eternity of matter, is compatible with any intelligible form of theism. The two first lectures include a discussion of various apologetic schemes, which appear to the author more or less inadequate, and among them will be found a somewhat severe, but perfectly just, criticism of that pretentious and overpraised volume, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. The final chapter, which examines and exposes the ingenious fiction of certain modern theorists, both German and English, of a non-supernatural Christianity, is the most interesting in the book. But Dr. Bruce fails to do justice to one side of the argument, from the impossibility—if the Gospel record be accepted as accurate—of attributing even human perfection to a purely human Christ, who, being neither "sinless" nor "infallible," still less Divine, and "chargeable with a large list of popular errors," could not be excused from arrogance and insincerity in asserting the claims He did. Sakyamuni, who is rightly cited as the nearest historical parallel, made no such pretensions. But the work, with whatever defects, is a really valuable one. Dr. Bruce, like Dr. Milligan, whose treatise on the Apocalypse we noticed not long ago, belongs to the ablest and most accomplished school of living Presbyterian divines.

Mr. Stanton's Study on *The Jewish and Christian Messiah* is also an apologetic work, but pursuing an historical, not philosophical, line of argument. It is based on the conviction that the best foundation for the evidences of Christianity may be found in a vindication of the Messianic claims of our Lord, and this argument is illustrated by an elaborate investigation of contemporary Jewish and Christian literature. The book exhibits much learning and patient labour, and is a serviceable contribution to Christian apologetics, but it is somewhat ponderous, and the author seems himself to be aware that there is a certain lack of lucidity and orderly sequence in the method he has followed. For purposes of reference, however, the volume will be found very useful.

Under the somewhat ambitious title of *The Charter of Christianity*, Canon Tait of Tuam presents us with a voluminous exposition verse by verse of the Sermon on the Mount. There is apparently a certain undercurrent of apologetic purpose in exhibiting the unique sublimity of the ethical teaching of Christ, as "compared with the best moral teaching of the ancient world." But the book really belongs to the literature of edification, and a great deal of it at least might have been, and very likely was, originally preached. Dr. Tait has evidently expended much devout thought and labour upon it, and he may reasonably expect to find many readers. We cannot always follow his critical judgment, as e.g. in defending, against the New Testament Revisers—who are far from faultless, but are sometimes right—the genuineness of the doxology appended to the Lord's Prayer in the received text of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Mr. J. M. Armour, if we may judge from his style and method of spelling and from a certain brusqueness—not to say arrogance—of tone, is an American writer. His design, as the title-page indicates, is to prove that *Atonement and Law* are not contradictory but consistent; "the doctrine that Christ made a proper, real, and full satisfaction needs for its support the doctrine, Substitution a normal provision of Law." By establishing this thesis he hopes to put an end to "the war between science and religion," and he adds that his doctrine is not new but old, and "not only old, but the logical support of the old." Be that as it may, Mr. Armour's little treatise betrays no evidence of any acquaintance at all with the "old," and very little with modern theologians. The writers he quotes may be easily counted on the fingers of one hand, his favourite and almost only authority being a Dr. Hodge, who appears to have composed a work on the subject. Many orthodox divines of course would raise a previous question as to whether the terms "satisfaction" and "substitution"—which have little or no place in patristic theology and came chiefly into prominence at the Reformation—are properly applicable to the Atonement. The argument of Mr. Armour's crucial chapter, "Substitution normal in Law," hardly strikes us as plausible, still less convincing, and his treatment throughout is purely forensic and external, a kind of ingenious *tour de force* as little likely, we should imagine, to silence the cavils of sceptical objectors as to satisfy the devotion of orthodox believers.

The anonymous author of the book published under the strange and not over-reverent title of *Trinitas Trinitatum* has put on record in his preface the diverse estimates of four critics to whom he submitted the manuscript. A late highly-esteemed Anglican prelate considered it "too dogmatic"; a not unlearned Roman priest "thought it ingeniously combined every heresy that had ever been put forward," which the writer takes as a compliment, because the only scheme combining all heresies would necessarily be the truth; "one of the leading professional critics of London, with a speciality for Liberal theology, found in it nothing either new or striking"; and lastly, the late Dr. Evans of St. Mary's le Strand pronounced it "altogether new but imperatively calling for consideration," and urged the author to publish it. As we began

* *The Altar Book according to the Use of the Church of England*. London: Rivingtons.

The Miraculous Element of the Gospels. By A. B. Bruce, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Jewish and the Christian Messiah. By V. H. Stanton, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The Charter of Christianity. By the Rev. A. Tait, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Atonement and Law; or, Redemption in Harmony with Law as Revealed in Nature. By J. M. Armour. London: Nisbet & Co.

Trinitas Trinitatum. London: Elliot Stock.

Parochial Parleys on the Athanasian Creed and Other Kindred Subjects. Edited by Y. Z. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Authorship of the Four Gospels, from a Lawyer's Point of View. By W. Marvin. London: Nisbet & Co.

Orient; with Preludes on Current Events. By the Rev. J. Cook-London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co.

London Sermons and Orations. By Father Ignatius, O.S.B. (Rev. J. L. Lyne.) London: W. Ridgway.

The Bird's Nest; and Other Sermons for Children of All Ages. By Rev. S. Cox, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Homely Words for Life's Wayfarers. By Rev. J. B. C. Murphy, B.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

Sermons to Villagers. Second Series. By the late J. T. Parsons, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

Preaching and Hearing; and Other Sermons. By Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

Belief in God. By Rev. A. W. Momerie. Blackwood & Sons.

Studies in the Benedicite. Compiled by Alicia Bayne. London: Hatchards.

Lives of the Apostles; their Contemporaries and Successors. By S. F. A. Caulfield. London: Hatchards.

Daisy Wreaths. By K. London: Bevington & Co.

Himself. By Carrie S. Matthews. London: Nisbet & Co.

to read we were disposed to agree with the leading professional critic, but as we went on there seemed also much to be said for the not unlearned priest. On the whole, it is not always easy to feel sure whether the writer means to be reaffirming the old doctrines in gratuitously stilted and artificial language, or contradicting them, or whether he quite knows his meaning himself. He tells us e.g. in his preface that "the miracles of either Testament were no part of the Message itself." Does he mean that the Incarnation and Resurrection are no part of the Gospel Message, or that they are not miracles? In any case we fear that "those who find difficulties in the way of belief, but to whom the solution would not be a disappointment but a comfort," are more likely to be disappointed than comforted by this crochety treatise.

The next book before us is also anonymous, but its purport is unmistakable, though the reader is left by an inexcusable omission to gather it for himself without the aid of any sort of index or table of contents. It is a direct onslaught, in the form of *Parochial Parleys* between a parishioner and his vicar, on the Athanasian Creed, not "the damnable clauses," but the entire doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation as laid down therein. The arguments are of the kind usually employed by Unitarians, supplemented by the *Leben Jesu* of "David Strauss, who has never been satisfactorily answered," and "the brilliant writings of Renan." There is nothing new in the matter or manner of the reasoning, but of course the lay disputant always has the best of the argument. We may add that neither the accuracy nor the scholarship of "Y.Z." is above suspicion. Thus for instance in one place he misquotes Ovid with total disregard to the requirements of the metre; in another place he misquotes—spoiling both metre and sense—a familiar line of Coleridge.

We are not sure that "a Lawyer" has produced any actually fresh evidence of the *Authorship of the Four Gospels*, but he has given a terse and lucid summary of the external evidences for their genuineness, which will be very serviceable for its professed purposes of enlightening the unlearned who lack time or opportunity of investigating the testimony in its original sources for themselves.

We have next on our list six volumes of lectures or sermons. Mr. Joseph Cook's twelve "Boston Sunday Lectures, with Preludes on Current Events," now published under the title of *Orient*, were delivered in February and March 1883. They deal mainly with local and religious, or quasi-religious, questions affecting Africa, India, and Japan. The style is jerky and discursive, and the tone confident and dogmatic. In delivery they were interrupted—as we are informed in brackets—with frequent bursts of "applause" and "laughter." There was better reason for the second than the first. We must add that, whatever sensational interest may have attached to the oral delivery, the lecturer will hardly have raised his reputation for modesty or good sense by unearthing these discourses for publication four or five years afterwards.

A somewhat similar objection might be plausibly urged against publishing the *Mission Sermons and Orations* of "Father Ignatius, O.S.B.," alias Mr. Leycester Lyne. Nobody indeed can have heard Father Ignatius preach without being aware that he possesses some remarkable oratorical gifts, but they are of a kind mainly dependent on voice, manner, and that indefinable *ἡδὴ πῶς*—to borrow an untranslatable Grecism—to which Aristotle rightly attributes so important a place in the persuasive force of oratory, but which the *littera scripta* necessarily fails to reproduce. It is fair to say that the preacher is himself fully conscious of this, and candidly admits in his few prefatory words that his "addresses read but poorly" and "are, from a literary point of view, entirely unworthy of perusal." On the other hand the editor, Mr. Smedley, who prefixes a long introduction to the volume, may be right in believing that a great many people will like to have specimens of Father Ignatius's preaching, because it is his, and if that be so, his further motive in publishing it, in order to aid the pecuniary wants of the monks of Llanthony, would also be justified. The closing address contains a curious account of certain supernatural apparitions alleged to have been witnessed at Llanthony, of which we will only say that they seem to be quite as well authenticated as the miracles of Lourdes.

Dr. Samuel Cox tells us in his preface that *The Bird's Nest and Other Sermons* were preached on successive anniversaries of his Sunday School, composed chiefly of the children of professional men and tradesmen and manufacturers, at a special Children's Service. He modestly disclaims the rare natural gift of speaking to children which only few possess, and has endeavoured by painstaking preparation to supply the want; and he may fairly be congratulated on the result. The sermons are simple, earnest, and practical, and have the directness of utterance and aim which children are sure to appreciate.

In *Homely Words for Life's Wayfarers*, by Mr. Murphy, we have a series of still shorter sermons or sermonettes, probably preached at weekday services, which might be telling in their way in the delivery; but, unless for local reasons, it is hard to see why they are published.

Much the same may be said of *Sermons to Villagers* by the late Mr. Tournay Parsons. The two little booklets are indeed so like each other in style and substance that they might well have come from the same hand.

A more ambitious note is struck in the Rev. A. W. Momerie's *Sermons delivered in the Chapel of the Foundling Hospital*. It closes with a paper on the "Antagonism between Dogma and Philosophy," read before a Clerical Society, which is simply a

rambling and very commonplace diatribe against all theological intolerance, or whatever the author regards as such. Mr. Momerie is happier in his little treatise on *Belief in God*, though it is too largely made up of scissors' work, and his extracts are rather miscellaneous, betraying an over-facility in making writers of very various opinions mean what he wishes them to mean. Is it not rather a bold assertion by the way to say, as matter of certainty, that "Aristotle was a theist"?

The editor of the posthumous volume of *Studies in the Benedicite*, compiled by the late Miss A. Bayne, calls it "a mosaic" or "nosegay of culled flowers," and it seems to have been put together as a labour of love with much pious care from various sources. The introduction contains a detailed description of the cities of Jerusalem and Babylon, leading up to the heroic confession of the "Three Holy Children" on the plains of Dura. The *Benedicite*, we are told, was used as a hymn in the services of the Jewish Church, though not received into the Hebrew Canon.

Mr. Caulfield has compressed into less than three hundred pages not only *Lives of the Holy Apostles*, as well as several other New Testament Saints, but also of nearly twenty Fathers of the Church, ranging from St. Polycarp to St. Augustine. It may be, and probably is, quite true, as Mr. Baring-Gould observes in the brief introduction he has prefixed to the volume, that "a popular account of early Church history has long been needed"; but he does not add, and could not have added with any plausibility, that Mr. Caulfield has supplied the need.

Daisy Wreaths is the fanciful title of a little autobiography—whether intended to be taken as real or fictitious is not explained—of an orphan girl brought up in an Industrial School. It is a tragical tale enough, but not so told as to make it an interesting one, nor do we understand what purpose it is meant to serve.

Miss Carrie Matthews publishes under the title of *Himself* five little quasi-sermonettes, which can do nobody any harm, but are too entirely of the namby-pamby kind to be likely to do much good.

STREATHAM.*

THE anecdotal historian finds always fresh fields in the suburbs of London. As soon as the villa stage is passed and a parish settles down to regular town life, everybody wants to know which row of houses stands on the site of some great man's front door, and which on the site of his back garden; at which "restoration" of the church the marble monuments were ground up for mortar, and when the last trees on the common were cut down. All these things become matters of public interest; and Clapham, Croydon, Wimbledon, Sutton, and dozens of other places, which were villages a few years ago, are now being gradually merged into the lines of the London streets, and their history and antiquities, their topography and geology, are examined and recorded, while the guesser guesses and the theorizer theorizes where they might have been certain had a record been kept from time to time of changes in the neighbourhood. Mr. Arnold has tried to do something that may hereafter be of value in this way, but the want of a map of any kind in his book would greatly detract from its usefulness, if it was otherwise so well done as to form a permanent record. But Mr. Arnold has not troubled himself to produce anything except a pleasant, chatty, scrappy, and exceedingly inaccurate account of Streatham, drawing apparently on the notes of lectures he has delivered or perhaps only written. Several passages overlap, so to speak, without any particular reason or any explanation. The reader will be glad when two accounts of the same transaction agree, as they are then more likely to be both correct; but in other places he has no such theory of probabilities for his guide. Mr. Arnold says in his preface:—"Doubtless there are omissions in this work, and perhaps a few inaccuracies, although I have striven hard to minimize the latter." By what process of correction Mr. Arnold has striven "to minimize the latter" we do not know. The "latter" remain, and in such considerable quantities that merely to make a list of misprints and positive errors would occupy all the space usually taken up with the review of a single volume. Nor is the tone always what it should be. It is as disagreeable to read that "the great immortal Sam (Dr. J.) once scolded Mrs. Thrale" as to find on p. 173 that three years after 1760 was 1755. There is much confusion in titles, and we do not know, or cannot gather from Mr. Arnold's pages, whether the widow of the last male heir of the Howlands was Mrs. Elizabeth Howland or Lady Howland. One or two rather startling facts we do learn about this family. It seems that, by the marriage of the Marquess of Tavistock, afterwards Duke of Bedford, with Elizabeth, their heiress, "Baron Howland of Streatham was united to the Duke's titles, and it is by right of this barony that the eldest sons of the Dukes of Bedford enjoy a seat in the House of Lords." Let us ask Mr. Arnold in another edition to tell us a little more about this unique piece of family history. How was a "baron" united to a duke's titles when his grandson married an heiress? How is it that the eldest sons of successive Dukes of Bedford have not been aware of their privilege of sitting in the House of Lords? And why did Francis, Lord Tavistock, afterwards the seventh duke, require a special writ of summons to sit in the Upper House in 1833? There are other questions which might be asked, but it will be time enough to propound them when Mr. Arnold has successfully ap-

* *The History of Streatham*. By Frederick Arnold, Jun. London: Elliot Stock.

answered these. Some very wonderful heraldry is quoted on p. 136, but it may not be Mr. Arnold's own, and he may have trusted an authority which has betrayed him. But at p. 132 we have the arms of Howland given as follows:—"Arg. two bars; sab. in chief; three lions rampant, of the second"; and those of Rivers as follows:—"Az. on a fess eng¹ arg. thereon a fess charged with three roses, between as many swans ppr. naiant." It is evident that the author's knowledge of heraldry is of a peculiar character, as is also his use of legal terms. A child of the Russell and Howland marriage is called "one of the issues of this union," and we read of his estate as having "since become alienated." Mr. Arnold calls Miss Burney "Fanny D'Arblay," and has a pleasant, but as usual inaccurate, chapter about the Thrales and their friends at Streatham Park. Among other anecdotes, we have this account of the strange conduct of a servant:—"When at Streatham Mr. Thrale's valet always waited at the dining-room door with a good wig when dinner was announced, and changed it when the Doctor retired for the night." We can forgive Mr. Arnold a good deal for reminding us of Boswell's first entry about Streatham:—"I complied with this obliging invitation, and found at an elegant villa six miles from town, every circumstance that can make society pleasing." Contrasted with such a sentence some of Mr. Arnold's higher flights do not show to advantage. The art of sinking in prose is illustrated over and over again. On an entry in Johnson's diary he remarks:—"Good old man! no one knew the value of time more than himself, and yet he was a procrastinator. However, I think we must consider this latter attribute to the subject of our sketch as a triumph of disease over will." Again, we read that "the number of strangers buried is almost in excess of the parishioners interred." At Streatham they "buried strangers," as it were in the Potter's Field; but they "interred parishioners." Here we may leave Mr. Arnold. We could find many more points to notice; but the few mentioned may suffice. We cannot agree with him in the older history any more than in the later. "Surrey" does not mean "the country south of the river." We cannot believe that Tooting is derived from *Theon*, a slave, and *ing*, a meadow. Henry I. did not declare war against France in the second year of his reign and confiscate the alien priories. In short, entertaining as Mr. Arnold's handsomely-printed volume undoubtedly is, it forms an untrustworthy guide to the history of Streatham.

MEN OF THE TIME.*

THE new edition of *Men of the Time* comes before us under novel conditions. A shorter interval than usual has been allowed to elapse between the presentation of the two last editions; a new editor has been employed; and a new and original preface, containing all the usual deprecations of criticism and some others, appears. Mr. Humphry Ward is the new editor, and we are glad to note that in several important particulars this new edition marks a considerable advance upon its predecessors. At the same time there is still room, naturally, for improvement. For instance, among the names suggested to the editor in 1885 as well worthy of notice were the following—Lord Herschell (then a commoner, since Lord High Chancellor), Mr. Mundella, Sir M. W. Ridley, Sir Richard Wallace, Lord St. Oswald (Mr. R. Winn), Lord Wolverton, the Duke of Westminster, Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Lord Thring, Mr. Whitley Stokes, and Mr. Ilbert, Mr. Fildes, A.R.A., Mr. Brett, A.R.A., Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. C. H. Keene, Mr. Mackonochie, Canon Body, Mr. George Grossmith, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Rayleigh, the Earl of Crawford, Mr. Giffen, Sir T. H. Farrer, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and Mr. Oscar Wilde. Not one of these occurs in this new and corrected edition.

We have yet a few more mistakes to deal with. Professor George Stokes, the learned President of the Royal Society, is given as "Rev."—a prefix to which, of course, he has no claim. Cesena is again described as being "in the States of the Church." No mention is made of Sir Frederick Halliday's retirement from the Indian Council, nor of Mr. Redgrave's from the Royal Academy. Our Minister at Berne was made a K.C.B. early in last year, and Colonel W. F. Butler early in this. Lord Charles Beresford's Christian names are transposed. The mere misprints are numerous—such as "Sperston" for Sproston (p. 190), "Geore" for George (p. 147), "Slack" for Stack (674), "Plautius" for Plautus (356). It remains to repeat that the book is a decided improvement upon the last edition; and that Mr. Ward should be encouraged to proceed further upon the path of reform upon which he has set out.

SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.†

THERE is some danger that Mr. Runciman's vivacious illustrations of the working of the Education Acts may be generally taken to represent the present condition of things, though this result can scarcely have been desired by the author. He

does indeed admit, in a faint and casual way, that he is dealing with "ancient history," but he would have done better to have explicitly set this forth in a prefatory warning applicable to the whole volume. Thus only might the caricature and onesidedness of his shrewd and pungent pen have appeared in the mitigating atmosphere of a retrospect. In its present form, no one need be surprised if this clever and caustic book should bring forth unpalatable fruit of its own exceeding bitterness, or that its author should be charged with asperity and unfairness even by those who cannot fail to recognize the weight of his authority and the value of his experience. The official world and the world of teachers are represented in these pages by types of extreme and grotesque characteristics. The Government Inspectors, School Board members and visitors, examiners and heads of training colleges, are not more astounding specimens of humanity than the gifted, long-suffering drudges who represent the class of teachers. The conscientious student, with pale high forehead and delicate features, develops into the brilliant young schoolmaster, deeply read in Carlyle, a creature of fearless integrity, and an impassioned and really beautiful Radical. The school-inspector or the clerical member of the Board is either a cold pedant or an offensive cad, scandalously indifferent to the spirit of the Education Acts and slavishly faithful to the legal letter. It is immaterial whether such types as are presented in "The Ritualist," "The Radical," and "A Schoolmaster's Training" are studies from life; the question is, Are they the peculiar product of our system of education, or in any wide sense representative of the whole body of administrators and teachers? Overborne by Mr. Runciman's vivid and vigorous pictures, the uninformed among his readers may be pardoned if they assume that these incisive portraits exemplify the general, whereas in reality they are piquant illustrations of the exceptional. Happily Mr. Runciman's book contains much more than exasperating instances of "blind Authority beating with his staff the child that might have led him." Without hesitation the gruesome account of the "Russell Street Training College" may be classed with such graphic revelations of official ineptitude as are given in "The Pioneer's Troubles," a narrative that deals with a past that can never be revived. It is when Mr. Runciman discusses questions of discipline and education, such as corporal punishment and over-pressure, or when he depicts, with lively sympathy and acute observation, the poor and their children, that we find *Schools and Scholars* not less interesting than edifying. On the evils of cramming he remarks with perfect justice that, when Dr. (now Sir) Crichton Browne's Report appeared, "it was taken for granted that the teachers were to blame, and the whole staff of the London School Board were practically denounced as slave-drivers. I do not deny that many teachers do overwork the youngsters in a terrible way, but the poor souls really act under the pressure of the law of self-preservation. They must either meet the requirements of their superiors or become practically extinct." In a word, they must obtain good reports on inspection or expect dismissal. Equally admirable are the observations on the punishment code. "Now, the London Board have invented a code which, for sentimental silliness, has never been matched. It invites insubordination, it fosters juvenile crime, it provokes a loutish and rebellious spirit, and it makes a teacher's life a burden to him. The whole staff signed a memorial against it. Were they all mad, or all cruel? Surely not. They were sensible, practical, kind-hearted folk, who saw that the Board are breeding anarchy—such anarchy as cropped up when the West End was sacked." It was, perhaps, this excellent display of good sense to which one of Mr. Runciman's reviewers referred when he thought he discerned "a dash of Hyndmanism" in the present volume. Very spirited and full of naïf charm are the sketches of "Bill Bright," the street arab who takes to art and art criticism, of "Little Joe" in the infant school; and of Joe Gair, the blacksmith, with the village politicians, who appear not unlike the craftsmen described in the Byronic verse of the gentle Cowper—"all loud alike, all learned, and all drunk." Not that Mr. Gair himself was otherwise than sober save in the whimsical use of sonorous phrases. The dialogue (pp. 196-199) in which the orator refutes some tedious objector, who falls through want of address and not for lack of a good case, is a delightful and reviving piece of humour, perfectly spontaneous and true. And to the great solace of the reader, who may easily tire of superfluous young teachers and bullying officials, such examples of unconscious drollery are by no means rare in *Schools and Scholars*, and afford plenty of entertainment.

PRACTICAL ZOOLOGY.*

THERE is much to commend in this little text-book. Practical work, such as it inculcates, is assuredly the best method of making biology attractive to young minds and exciting their interest. The importance of all natural science as an educational agent is now very generally recognized, and we quite agree with the author that it tends "to make seeing, thinking, self-reliant men and women." Whether he is right in adding "honesty" to the qualifications so obtainable, we are hardly prepared to say. But we hope that it so. The arrangement of the work is open to question. We think it doubtful if any young mind can be other-

* *Men of the Time: a Dictionary of Contemporaries*, &c. Twelfth edition. London: Routledge & Sons. 1887.

† *Schools and Scholars*. By James Runciman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

* *An Elementary Course of Practical Zoology*. By Buel P. Calton. Boston: D. C. Heath.

wise than bewildered, when set for its first lesson the anatomical structure of so complex an organism as the grasshopper.

We fail to see why insects and molluscs should be treated first, and the most rudimentary forms of life—Protozoa—come in afterwards. The author justifies this arrangement on the ground that the former are more easily obtainable at the commencement of the autumnal scholastic term than at a later period. Surely this is "fitting the foot to the shoe."

A chapter on the elementary constituents of organized beings, and a broad review of the scheme of evolution from the simplest to the most complex forms, ought to form the introduction to all zoological study. All the grandeur and significance of biology are marred, if we fail to note the sequence from lower to higher types, and to begin in the middle of the ladder (Insecta), hark back to the foot (Protozoa), rise at a bound to the top (Vertebrata), and again descend to nearly the beginning (Radiata), is more likely to perplex than to educate the student.

The chapter on the Amœba is most excellent, but its proper place was assuredly before, and not after, those on various Insecta and Mollusca. We regret this, because in other respects the book is a most useful manual, the directions for dissection, &c., being clearly and ably expressed. The questions which are interspersed through the pages are one of the best points in the book, being shrewd and full of significance, and we have no hesitation in saying that, but for the faulty arrangement alluded to, no young mind could fail to derive benefit from the teachings of such a master as the author.

THE TIME REFERENCES IN THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.*

DR. MOORE, long known as an earnest and distinguished student of the works of Dante, now holds the post of Barlow Lecturer in University College, London; and the substance of the present essay was delivered by him in his two inaugural lectures given in November last. The question of the time supposed to have been occupied by the poet in his progress through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise has always been a matter of more or less controversy, and upon some points has afforded room for very distinct and opposite opinions, the discussion of which forms almost a literature of itself, an *imperium in imperio* in the vast region of criticisms and comments which has now been annexed to and surrounds the original soil and text of the poet. Dr. Moore has done more than any of his predecessors to marshal and review the contending forces with which he has had to deal; and, adding some original contributions to the existing array of authorities, he has succeeded in forming a consistent and well-marked itinerary for the imaginary progress described in Dante's great poem which leaves nothing more to be desired. His course and the precise dates, day by day and hour by hour, of all the stages and stoppages of his journey may now be followed with almost as much precision as if they belonged to an ordinary piece of travelling upon the surface of the earth, and had been ascertained from a railway time-table or a tourist's guide-book. But it is from a considerable mass of material, and with the grave disadvantage of certain initial difficulties which have to be explained or reconciled, that Dr. Moore has arrived at his conclusions; and all future readers of the *Divine Comedy* who desire carefully to follow its indications of time will be much indebted to Dr. Moore for his guidance through doubts and conflicting dates, which are sometimes as much in want of enlightenment as the "selva oscura" itself and the still darker localities of the lower depths of the *Inferno*.

Dante was well acquainted with the scientific knowledge, such as it was, of his time, and especially with the astronomy of the period, the only science indeed of the middle ages which had any pretensions to that designation. His indications of time are naturally taken from the positions of the sun, moon, and stars, and these are almost always sufficiently precise. But there are antecedent difficulties, arising, in the first place, from a question raised by some writers as to the year of the action of the poem—that is to say, Was it in 1300 or 1301? Again, there are the more serious ones, as to what Paschal full moon is to be accepted as the one intended by Dante, and the same as to the Equinox—whether the real and scientific or the ordinary and popular ones—are to be taken as those referred to by him. Further, there is the question as to the date of Good Friday and Easter in the year to be adopted as that in which the supernatural journey took place.

No justice can be done in a limited space to Dr. Moore's careful and masterly examination of the many complicated points to be considered in the discussion of his subject. He has himself effected all that is possible in the way of compressing his matter into a wonderfully small compass, and no further abridgment of it can be fairly attempted. Indeed it may sometimes be regretted that he has so steadily confined his observations to the immediate object in view, and it must be hoped that he will on a future occasion pursue at greater length some of the topics, the incidental mention of which could not be avoided in the present book—a little volume which ought to be in the hands of all readers of Dante.

* *The Time References in the Divine Commedia.* By Rev. Edward Moore, D.D., Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. London: D. Nutt. 1887.

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF AN ARCHITECT.*

IT has always been our opinion that the best way for an architect who has time on his hands to make sketches of architectural objects on his travels would be first to make a preliminary survey of the buildings in the town or district he intends to study, then to purchase what photographs he can of the most interesting portions of those buildings, and, finally, to make such sketches as will explain and supplement the photographs he may have been able to purchase. By these means he will make full use of the art of photography. For, in the first place, an architect's general sketch, however clever a draughtsman he may be, is never so satisfactory or so useful as a photograph of about the same size. In the second place, a few sections of mouldings and explanatory notes will add enormously to the value of a photograph of a building. And, in the third place, the architect will not by adopting this plan waste time in sketching portions of buildings which are already represented by photography. The author of the volume before us, charming though many of his sketches are, might certainly have given to the public and to other members of his profession a more useful collection had he followed this system. The only other criticism we have to make is, that he should have taken the trouble to have his notes on each illustration printed, instead of being merely lithographed in a handwriting, legible, no doubt, to himself, but not easy to decipher by the average of mankind. The subjects are chosen perfectly casually, in the order in which (no doubt) they were sketched, and comprise instances of many dates and countries. But they are all both suggestive and useful. We can, therefore, recommend the book not only to the amateur who may be fond of looking at pretty architectural pictures, but to the professional whose imagination may be stimulated by the study of works of bygone masters.

FASHIONABLE PHILOSOPHY.†

THE title-piece of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's new volume of sketches and stories is a brilliant example of a form of literature that is but little cultivated in these days. The value of the dialogue as a vehicle for satire and discussion is illustrated afresh in *Fashionable Philosophy*, and with all the versatility of invention and argument by which the author is distinguished. To evolve from the ardent and inflexible convictions of opponents humorous analogies and conclusions apparently irresistible and exquisitely ludicrous is but one of the stimulating diversions of Mr. Oliphant's intellectual gaiety. If he strips current cant and sham of their philosophic finery or inflicts on fallacies the outrage of exaggeration, he may also be said to relieve truth of the swaddling clothes of sectarianism. Opening in a vein of light and bright satire, the dialogue passes through phases of lively polemical encounter to a conclusion of solemn import. This graver close is delicately interwoven with the conflicting webs of controversy that precede it, and the unity of the whole dialogue is preserved with admirable art. The scene is a London drawing-room; the subject the necessity for a new religion. The speakers represent schools of speculative and positive thought, and with their frivolous or insincere followers among the audience are readily recognized. Here are the scientist Mr. Germell, with his ultimate appeal to "my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer"; the æsthetic evolutionist Mr. Fussle; the eminent Comtist Mr. Coldwaite; the distinguished theosophist Mr. Drygull, who introduces Ali Seyyid, a Khoja, addressed as "Mr. Allyside," and misnamed a "codger" by Mrs. Gloring, the new beauty, and Lord Fondleton, her admirer. Then we have the unquiet seekers after a new religion, who deem the old faith insufficient for the age, unconscious that the insufficiency is due to the faint-heartedness of their practice. Among these is Lady Fritterly, who yearns for "something more substantial than the theologies of the past," and "quite dotes on those dear old Shastras and Vedas and Puranas." And, lastly, there is Rollestone, the mouthpiece of an ethical scheme based on a profounder altruism and a broader humanity than are conceivable by Mr. Drygull or Mr. Germell, to whom his faith is foolishness or a stumbling-block. He it is who raises the discussion to a nobler plane of thought, after the author's satire has worked havoc among all the disputants.

To note the fine nuances that mark the development of the dialogue from the point where Rollestone takes up the discussion, or to do justice to the swift interchange of ideas, the play of wit, the pleasant banter and insidious irony, would require nothing less than an exhaustive analysis. Briefly put, Rollestone's argument is equally directed against the narrowing influence of scientific conclusions, the selfish tendencies of the practice of theosophy, and the failure of the Positivist philosophy to satisfy every spiritual longing of the human aspiration. It needs no new religion to satisfy these demands. "Christianity seems a failure," he observes, "because Christians have failed—have failed to understand its application to everyday life, have failed to embody it in practice, and have sought an escape from the apparent impossibility of doing so by smothering it with dogmas and diverting its scope from this world to the next." In this conclu-

* *Notes and Sketches of an Architect: a Collection of Sketches made in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, &c., and also in Eastern Countries.* By Archibald M. Dunn. London: B. T. Batsford.

† *Fashionable Philosophy; and other Sketches.* By Laurence Oliphant. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

sion he is at one with Mr. Matthew Arnold. But the process of reasoning by which this eminently moral and practical conclusion is arrived at is both novel and subtle—too subtle to be indicated here with fulness and nicety. Rolleston derives hope from "the growing demand for a new religion," regarding it as evidence that the "unsuspected potencies of moral force," which he believes are "destined to make the ethics of Christianity a practical moral standard," are already stirring the minds of men and quickening the human aspiration. Among the remaining sketches, only second in interest to *Fashionable Philosophy*, is the amusing skit on the Asian mysteries of Esoteric Buddhism—*The Sisters of Thibet*. That this masterly effusion of irony should have caused much flutter and heart-searching among Western theosophists is only extremely natural. The whimsical inversion of the principles of the sect displayed in the practice of the Thibetan sisterhood is a delightful form of satire, while the sustained solemnity and persuasive actuality of the narrative are not less admirable qualities in this *jeu d'esprit*.

MR. STEVENSON'S TALES AND FABLES.*

THE Merry Men were great and fearful breakers, while a fierce storm of wind is called up to play the part of the furies in a Greek tragedy. The human actors are of comparatively little moment or interest. The autobiographical hero who hoped to bring up the buried treasure sunk with one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, to which, by the way, he gives a name which is not Spanish; the maniac smile of the superstitious Borie, and the shadowy Mary Ellen take but little grip of the reader's sympathies or imagination. The tale is told with Mr. Stevenson's winning charm of diction, but he cannot or does not tell us very clearly what it is all about. To quote the words of Darnaway's nephew, it is but "a dream of wrecks, black men, and submarine adventure." Will o' the Mill asked "the Parson's Marjory" to marry him. She "was well enough looking," and was a girl to make any sensible man happy; but Will was a philosopher in his way, and one morning he said to her *sans phrase* and with philosophic abruptness, "I have been thinking about getting married, and after having turned it all over, I have made up my mind it is not worth while." The girl turned upon him; but his kindly, radiant appearance would have disconcerted an angel. She trembled just a little. "I hope you don't mind," he said. She answered him with dignity, but without any affectation of feeling pleased at being thus rudely jilted. He was not moved to tenderness or contrition. "I mean what I say; no less. I do not think getting married is worth while. I would rather you went on living with your father, so that I could walk over and see you once or twice a week as people go to church, and then we should be the happier between whites. That's my notion; but I'll marry you if you will." She broke out, "Do you know that you are insulting me?" When, after three years, Marjory married somebody else, he considered that she had played him a shabby trick, and that he was the jilted one. He moped a good deal for a month or two, and fell away in flesh. A year after her marriage poor Marjory died, and on her death-bed sent for the *amoureux transi* who had slighted her so cruelly, but whom we fancy she had loved once and for ever. They talked a little, and when the end came Will wept very bitterly. He lived to be seventy-two, and, when Death came to take him away from the old inn and the old mill, "I declare before God," said Will o' the Mill, "since Marjory was taken, you are the only friend I had to look for." The outlines we have given of this singular tale might be filled up to make a tragic poem, a sentimental comedy, or a farce. Mr. Stevenson has wisely left them outlines. He does "not rhyme to that dull elf" who cannot fill them for himself. The pathos is rare and reticent, the humour is dainty, almost ethereal, the moral does not leap to the eyes. We have seen persons walking at large who cannot "taste" Miss Austen or find anything delectable in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Such folks will only be puzzled and perplexed by "Will o' the Mill." But how good the caviare will taste to the non-general!

Markheim was quite right to jockey the Devil even at the expense of his own neck, and we sincerely hope that the sacrifice of his body redeemed his soul.

Thrawn Janet, who had once had "a bairn to a dragoon," was predestined to evil in this world. One day Mr. Louper, the minister of the parish, rescued her "in the hottest o' the collie-hangie" when the gudewives had "clawed the coats aff her back and pu'd her down the clachan to the water o' Dale to see if she were a witch or not, swoun or droun." The good clergyman took her home to the manse. At least so he thought, and so he intended. But his parishioners knew better, and that it was muckle horned Clootie himsel' that dwelt in Janet's body. Be this as it may, poor Janet's body was found one day by Mr. Soulis hanging from a nail on her bedroom wall by a single worsted thread for darning hose. He muttered a prayer and walked away from the grisly sight, locking the door behind him. But what are bars and bolts to the like of "thrawn Janet, dead or alive"? The body followed him to the threshold of the manse; "there came a clap of wind like a cat's fuff; oot gaed the can'le." Then

the good clergyman whose charity had been so broad and so noble, and whose superior enlightenment had half-shamed and half-shocked his people, practically recanted his profession of a robust faith. "Witch, beldame, devil!" he cried, "I charge you, by the power of God, begone! If you be dead, to the grave; if you be damned, to hell." There should be a rush on the lodgings in Ba'weary; for since that night the Deil has never fashed folk there. "But it was a sair dispensation for the minister." The moral of this tale lies nearer to the surface than is often the case in Mr. Stevenson's narratives. When the respectable matrons of a townland have made up their mind that a girl is "sit to the Deil" and has bewitched "John Tamson's twa kye," the man who would set them right and rescue the culprit from their Jedburgh justice is pretty safe to rue his interference and to have his eyes opened at the end.

In "Olalla" the black wind is again, so to speak, an accessory before the fact to human crime and madness.

There is a weird charm in the author's manner of telling a weird story. His English is excellent, his prose cadences are musical, but it is too often the case that *materia superat opus*. Not only is there little or no plot, but the scant and sometimes flimsy incidents seldom even lead to a satisfactory consummation. There is scarcely one of them that "ends well," we do not mean that ends happily, but that has a termination at all in the sense of an artistic completion. Persons are introduced who, like an awkward youth at a ball, make no use of their introduction. What part, for instance, is allotted to the unhappy black in *The Merry Men*?

The last of these tales is, as it should be, the bouquet of the entertainment. It is as winsomely told as the best of them, and it is almost entirely free from any of their blemishes. "The Treasure of Franchard" is told in the author's happiest style. The humour of it is the purest Shandean. The great master, who boasted himself "born to introduce" the figure of irony, would have chuckled over the amphibological banter of Dr. Desprez. Rabelais would have shaken in his easy-chair as he listened to the eclogues between that unwilling recluse and the charming but rather materially-minded Anastasie, who had the placidity of a nun without the piety, who hated stays, and who loved to eat and drink of the best, having a special predilection for oysters and old wine, and who, after drinking half a bottle, minus one glass, of Côte Rotie at breakfast, would daily wind up with a glass of Chartreuse, to the affected disgust, on hygienic grounds, of her husband, who had drunk the other half, plus one glass, of the flask of princely wine. We should be taking a mean advantage of our superior knowledge, and of those who have not yet read the story, if we were to tell them how and why Dr. Desprez adopted a young thief, to whom he allotted the combined functions of a son and a stable boy; or how that boy, by the timely exercise of a trick of his old craft, saved his benefactor from a relapse into a life of extravagance and a course of infidelity to his Anastasie. Of the story we will not betray an inkling; but we claim the right to call our readers' attention to some of the *obiter dicta* of the tale, and to share their mirthfulness over the Doctor's pleasant humour, his "Comparative Pharmacopoeia," which, but for his wife, he would have written in verse; over the gentle laxative which he administered to himself and his family by way of sedative and consolation when his stolen treasures were stolen from the stealer, and over his deliciously incongruous and inconsistent remarks to his wife, whom he sometimes addresses as his "ever beautiful," his "dear love," his "cherished one," whom he occasionally calls a fool, and to whom on one trying occasion he bemoans his fate in being "unequally mated with an ass." "The Treasure of Franchard" is one of the stories, which we almost grudge to enjoy by ourselves. We long to see our own delectation reflected in the face of a friend in an opposite armchair.

A FRENCH DRAMATIC CRITIC.*

THE late M. de Villemessant was happily inspired when, soon after the suppression of the Commune, he made M. Auguste Vitu dramatic critic of the *Figaro*. M. Vitu, indeed, is probably the Frenchman who knows most about plays and acting, and displays his knowledge to the best advantage. With the general M. Francisque Sarcey is perhaps his equal in authority, but in equipment and endowment alike he is far and away M. Vitu's inferior. Learned without pedantry, admirably sincere, rigorously impartial, a complete master of his subject, he has the gift of a singularly varied and flexible style, which enables him to pass at will from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from the serious and profound analysis of such work as *Ruy Blas* and *Paul Forestier* to the discussion in terms the lightest and the briskest imaginable of farces like *Les Poux-Rouge de Saint-Quentin*, and *mélos* like *Les Chiens de Mont Saint-Bernard* and *Le Roi des Écoles*. More than that, as revealed in his work he is emphatically an honest man. His heart is in the right place; his views are even lofty; his sentiments—as regards such trifles as decency, honour, religion, virtue, and so forth—are in striking contrast with those of, for instance, M. Emile Zola or M. Henri Rochefort; so that his work has an ethical basis which is sound and right enough to give it a value

* *The Merry Men; and other Tales and Fables*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Chatto & Windus.

* *Les Mille et Une Nuits de Théâtre*. Par Auguste Vitu. Tome I-IV. London: Hachette; Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1884-86.

apart. He has recognized that, on the stage at least, good art and good morals are inseparable; and, so far as we have seen, the tact and discretion with which he applies the moral test to these works of art with which he has to deal are beyond reproach. A good play to him is something more than an example, complete or the reverse, of the "scène à faire"; and such is the sanity of his judgment, such the austere excellence of his standard, that disagreement with his conclusions is seldom possible. Apart from their critical interest, certain of his discourses—those, for instance, on Hugo's *Marie Tudor* and the *Princesse Georges* of M. Alexandre Dumas—have the value and effect of good lessons in morals. One result of this unflinching and unalterable candour is pleasant to chronicle. M. Vitu is often terribly severe in his sentences; but, as he notes with a very natural and decent pride, "les plus grands et les meilleurs de mes contemporains qui avaient le droit de s'en plaindre" have done him "la grâce et l'honneur de me les pardonner." More than that, more than one of them has done his best to reply to his objections and to prove him mistaken. To him, for instance, M. Sardou addressed the remarkable letter which appears as the preface to *La Haine*, and it was, he thinks, at him particularly that M. Dumas aimed his apology for the dénouement of *La Princesse Georges*. M. Vitu neither palters with his own conscience nor spares the consciences of his subjects. But it is recognized that he means what he says; it is felt that he never speaks without reflection nor advances a theory which he cannot support by argument; that in fact he is, as somebody has said, an "espèce d'Alceste de strapontin"; and, as we have seen, he is privileged to speak his mind with honour and without offence.

M. Vitu has been the dramatic critic of the *Figaro* since the October of 1871. His first volume of reprints was published in the October of 1884, at which time he had filled his present post for thirteen years. Even then—and that is some three years ago—he had done over a thousand nights of theatrical work; so that by the time he catches up what is more or less the present, and reprints his judgments of yesterday, his title will be a misnomer. That, having begun to republish he should continue to the bitter end, was inevitable. There is not a dull page in the four volumes at present in hand; and it is safe to conclude that—unless it be introduced for variety's sake—there will not be a dull page in the six, or eight, or ten, to which we are privileged to look forward. It is to partial friends—"des amis bienveillants"—of M. Vitu that we owe the production of the series; and for once in history the Partial Friend—a poor, feckless creature as a rule—is found to have deserved well of the arts. M. Vitu's eight or ten volumes will, as he (the P. F.) opined, set forth indeed "une sorte de panorama photographié" of French drama and French histrionics, at any rate full sixteen years long; and for that, given an interest in things theatrical, it is hardly possible to be too grateful. To the dramatic historian of the future these volumes will be priceless; the "solutions of continuity" are so few and unimportant, the tone is so liberal and sincere, the knowledge so abundant, the analysis so careful and exact. And they should be scarce less useful to the critic and the dramatist of to-day. M. Vitu's only fad is that of liking good manners, good morals, good literature, and good acting; and of him the youthful playwright may learn, not, it may be, how to make a play, but assuredly what to avoid and what to try to compass in making one, while the budding critic may study in him all the secrets of the *métier* and acquire, if he be strong enough, the whole mystery of independence and the art of thinking and writing like a gentleman.

M. Vitu's method is difficult to analyse. He is a journalist, to begin with; and of necessity his manner varies with his opportunity. It will be clear, however, from what has been said already, that, given a real play to examine and pronounce upon, it is inevitable that he should proceed to the disintegration of its moral and artistic elements; that he is always intent on maintaining the balance well adjusted between these two components; and that, while he is best pleased with work in which the adjustment is perfect, he is far too intelligent and just to applaud a bad play because its intentions are strictly honourable, or to denounce a good one because its morality is unsound and its teaching bad. If he has a favourite author, it is M. Théodore de Barrière, with whom he once upon a time collaborated, and whose immense superiority it was that made him give up writing for the stage and restrict himself (more or less) to writing about it. It is, perhaps, a weakness of his to stickle too much for and to wrangle too keenly about the merits of historical accuracy; to apply, for instance, a series of chronological tests to the romance of M. de Bornier's *La Fille de Roland*, and—though in this case there was provocation enough to anger the most debonnaire of students—to examine carefully the pretensions to accuracy and scholarship of Hugo's *Marie Tudor*. "L'histoire," as Dumas said, and M. Vitu has quoted—"l'histoire est bonne personne"; if you have a good dramatic situation, it is a hundred to one that—as M. Sardou's account of the genesis of *La Haine* has shown—she will give you an environment and a decoration. Within certain limits the artist, as it seems to us, is on this point a chartered libertine. M. Brunetière, for instance, has spent a great deal of energy and intellect in demonstrating that the histories of the *Mousquetaires* and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* are not so accurate as those of Lanfrey's *Napoléon*. He might—and probably he will—expend as much of both these valuable qualities in proving that the Greek and Roman plays of William Shakespeare not only teem with anachronisms,

but are essentially anachronistic—are plainly the work of an Elizabethan poet who happened to have read Plutarch. But nothing he can advance will prevent the public, whether lettered or the reverse, from accepting Dumas and Shakespeare for great artists; and nothing he can advance will persuade the public that he, M. Brunetière, is essentially right on this question of facts and dates, and they, Dumas and Shakespeare, are essentially wrong. Art is, after all, a matter of treatment. The effect is everything; and it is only when the artist distorts the truth in an interest of his own—as Hugo did in *Le Roi s'Amuse* and Eugène Sue in *Les Mystères de Paris*—that his inaccuracy becomes culpable. If the motive be generous and human—if, in a word, the design is truly artistic—the perversion may be said to carry its own forgiveness with it. It is only when it is ungenerous and "anti-social" that it is deserving of reprobation. M. Vitu, to take an example, is a good critic when he picks a quarrel with the Hugo of *Marie Tudor*, and does his best to show that Hugo's erudition is a sham. When it comes, however, to finding fault with M. de Bornier on the chronology of Charlemagne's reign, and to picking holes in the facts and dates of what is, after all, no more than an honourable and right-minded attempt at romance in action, one is inclined to protest that M. Vitu goes too far. It would be just as useful and no more to protest against the use of artillery in *Timon of Athens*, or damn the *Tucca* of Ben Jonson for speaking and swaggering in the fashion, not of Horace's time, but his master's; or demonstrate, documents in hand, the impossibility of the rape of General Monk by Lieutenant d'Artagnan and M. le Baron du Vallon.

Let us hasten to add that with M. Vitu such lapses are rare. There is very little of the pedant in him, and there is a very great deal of the moralist, the critic, and the man of letters. Quotation, where all is so good, is difficult, if not impossible. It is easy enough to note that M. Vitu's English is not impeccable, or he would hardly have talked, in a legal sense, of "*la cour des communs plaids*"; and that he can have spent but little time on the correction of his proofs, or he would not assuredly have described *Froufrou* as a "*comédie en une acte*," and allowed himself to discuss the *Cousine Berthe* (sic) of Honoré de Balzac. To give by means of extracts an idea of the brightness of his wit, the delicacy of his tact, the masterly sobriety of his judgment, the vivid and searching propriety of his phrase, one would have to transfer a score of articles—those on *Marie Tudor*, and *La Princesse Georges*, and *L'Ami des Femmes*, and *Les Deux Orphelins*, and *Lisa Taernier*, and *Monsieur Alphonse*, and *Ruy Blas*, and *Thérèse Raquin*, and *L'Oncle Sam*, and *Les Héritiers Rabourdin*, and *Le Chemin de Damas* among the number—bodily to these pages. As everybody who is interested in drama and the stage has the four volumes of *Les Mille et Une Nuits de Théâtre* already in hand, it does not so much matter that this is out of the question.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE ungrateful but not unnatural comment which has been already made more than once on the Rémusat memoirs and correspondence (1)—that they are very interesting, but that there is a great deal of them—is likely to be provoked once more by this fresh and for the present last instalment. Mme. de Sévigné is voluminous; but then Mme. de Sévigné is Mme. de Sévigné, and besides she covers the greater part of half a century. These two stout volumes contain the correspondence of but two entire years and parts of two others, till the death of Mme. de Rémusat at the end of 1821. At the same time, it is fair to say that the Editor was placed in a difficult position. There are few letters in this long series which do not contain something interesting in itself, something aptly written, or something not unimportant for history. Yet it is almost impossible to publish excerpts from private letters (those only who have tried perhaps know how impossible), and the alternative lay therefore between giving the whole or nothing. There is no doubt that M. Paul de Rémusat was right in giving the whole, serious as is the addition in point of bulk to the weight under which the luckless historical student of the nineteenth century groans. That weary Titan, indeed, will never regard the Rémusat series as among his most loathly burdens, relieved as it is throughout by Mme. de Rémusat's *esprit* and amiable survival of eighteenth-century peculiarities, by her husband's good sense, and by her son's versatile, though sometimes rather priggish, acuteness. Yet when we remember that Charles de Rémusat was quite a young man at the date of the termination of this last volume—the eleventh of the whole series—a slight agnostness comes on us at the possibilities of the future.

The advent of Lent makes it desirable to anticipate any special article devoted to cookery books, and mention an excellent collection of *maigre* receipts, which includes (according to the liberal custom of foreign gastronomic piety) wild- and water-fowl (2). We do not quite see the object of its stately *format*, unless the abundant margins are intended for copying in additional receipts; but unnecessary handsomeness is the most amiable of faults in a book. We are glad to see that the savagery of some Continental cookery books is somewhat reduced, though few English cooks would know how to execute the preliminary operations ordained

(1) *Correspondance de M. de Rémusat*. Tomes V., VI. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *L'art de faire maigre*. Paris: Ollendorff.

here as a substitute for the old atrocity of roasting lobsters alive. The humane mind has only now to bewail "lamproie à la petite mort," wherein that much-enduring regicide is paid out by being drowned alive in malmsey, exactly like the Duke of Clarence. Putting these two receipts aside, there is nothing to shock and much to edify. Especially noteworthy are the receipts for cooking tench, which impress more than anything else in the book the lesson we have so often tried to teach of the senseless waste and folly involved in English neglect of fresh-water fish. There are also some capital salt-fish receipts, and others for shad—a fish which is as good "dressed," to use a rather old-fashioned term, as it is bad plain boiled or baked. Let us also add, where it is impossible to mention everything, some capital prescriptions for accommodating aubergines, which are now much commoner in English shops and houses than they used to be.

There are some cynics who say that the best result of the present or late mania in France for colonization (3) is likely to be the books which it has produced. Certainly some valuable matter has resulted from it, and M. Pauliat's new volume is not the least valuable. It is not exactly popular, being full of "documents," but this adds to its value. The author, it should be said, is keen for the old or "Company" system, against the modern bureaucratic or official one.

The chief merit of the *Wellington French Reader* (4) is that it leaves the beaten path and gives extracts from modern and for the most part amusing writers. It would be rather fun to set one of the extracts (which describes a naval battle, where of course the Frenchman puts the Englishman to flight) to a mixed class of adult and accomplished English scholars in French and French scholars in English. Each would be pretty certain not to know the corresponding technicalities of the other language. As examiners are rather fond of setting these technical passages nowadays ("which we don't say that they're right in doing it and we don't say that they're wrong"), it is well that reading books should recognize the fact.

M. Carcassonne's *Théâtre de jeunes filles* (5) will be a real god-send to large families where there is a taste for theatricals, or to schools where the old and not bad practice of theatrical exercise is in revived use. That the pieces are unobjectionable need not be said; for when your Frenchman is moral, his morality is something wonderful. It is more to the point that they are daintily contrived and by no means unamusing.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

READERS of Mr. W. Anderson Smith's *Benderloch* will welcome from the same pen a second instalment of notes of natural history in the Western Highlands entitled *Loch Creran* (Alexander Gardner). Like its predecessor, this volume is an example of the excellent results that spring from independent observation carried out in a desultory fashion, yet directed by a highly trained intelligence, accompanied by keen powers of vision, both receptive and perceptive. The suggestiveness of facts may, and indeed often does, escape the most patient and accurate of chroniclers, the gift of interpretation being by no means always co-existent with the power of seeing. In Mr. Smith the receptive faculty is largely developed. When he haps on some rare specimen in the course of his rambles, he is not content merely to describe its structure or habits; we are made participators in his delight, and the incident, with its accompanying record of local colour and atmosphere, becomes in a very real sense a possession. Thus it is that in these miscellaneous notes, so definitely presented is every object of observation that its environment is instantly realized. Apart from its practical value to the student of nature, this method possesses a special charm for those who are naturalists only because they are lovers of nature. A zoophyte may be as exhaustively studied in a tank as in his proper elements of sun and air and sea, yet the naturalist's record in the latter circumstances possesses a value and interest independent of the scientific demonstration, which will be, of course, identical in both cases. So it is with Mr. Smith's volume. The influences of free moorland air and buoyant water, of a spacious heaven and wide horizon, are with us, and give zest to the study of fish and fowl and flower that are liberally displayed. Whether it is the flight of a solitary bunting, or the habitat of the pipe-fish (*Syngnathus*), the progress of *Myæ* in the reflux tide or a nested robin domiciled among strange perils, the scenic suggestion cannot fail to persuade the senses. A large and distinctive portion of Mr. Smith's book is devoted to the investigation of the rich spoil of the dredger, as might be anticipated of so enthusiastic a student of fish-culture, and many of the most interesting pages describe excursions on the waters of Etive and Creran and Benderloch, or among the rocky pools and stretches of sand exposed by the ebbing sea. By sea or land, on the wild hills or among the flowers and insects of his garden, Mr. Smith has ever something to say that is worth hearing, and he says it with admirable clearness and force.

Mr. J. F. Vicary's *Olav the King and Olav the Martyr* (W. H. Allen & Co.) is an attempt to present an obscure period of Scandinavian history in something like historical sequence, a piecing together of eleventh-century records and skaldic verse, so

as to form a coherent narrative. We fear that the result will not bring joy to the hearts of the author's readers, especially those among them who are acquainted with his pleasant books on the modern aspects of life in Scandinavia. In the absence of a genealogical key there is much that is confusing and tedious in the early chapters which deal with the affairs of Norway previous to the reign of Olav, the king and martyr. Reconstruction of material so hopelessly involved and contradictory was perhaps hardly possible; but Mr. Vicary's chronicle of these dark years is somewhat bald and jerky in style, and reflects only too faithfully the difficulty of his task. Once fairly launched in the eleventh century, the story of St. Olav's achievements is set forth with much spirit and completeness of circumstance, and here Mr. Vicary has drawn from popular song and legend with great advantage to the pictorial and dramatic qualities of his narrative.

From Messrs. R. Bentley & Son we have received the authorized English edition of M. Renan's *Studies in Religious History*, a translation that includes, with sundry reviews and occasional papers, some of the author's most characteristic essays in historical criticism. *The Stonemason of Saint-Point* (Dublin: Browne & Nolan) is a translation of Lamartine's *Le Tailleur de Pierres*, by M. Georges Emile Barbier, and is designed for the use of schools and candidates for examination. The few illustrative notes of the translator are conveniently placed at the foot of the page. The profession of Quietism has perhaps a feeble following in these days, and a Quietist army would be a poor rival of the Salvationists. Here, however, we have a new edition of *The Poems of Mme. de la Mothe Guyon* (Glasgow: Bryce), arranged, with a short life, by the Rev. A. Saunders Dyer. The memoir is an invertebrate and slovenly performance, and it is a little odd to find Cowper's familiar friend spoken of in the Introduction as "a Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnall."

Labour on the Farm (Bradbury & Co.) is an extremely useful and practical contribution to "The Handbook of the Farm" series by Mr. John Chalmers Morton, and virtually a revision to date of a previous volume. The important subject of the cost of tillage and labour is treated in a clear and concise manner; the various tables of estimated costs and a monthly calendar of farm operations will be found of great use to cultivators. A suggestive section of the book deals with the statistics of agricultural labour as revealed in the last census.

Mrs. Garrett's *Morning Hours in India* (Trübner & Co.) is a little handbook on household economy and the rearing and training of children in India that only requires to be studied by English ladies in India to be appreciated. The book contains excellent advice on the management of servants, the nursing and attendance of children, dress and recreation, with some useful tables of ready-reckoning, cookery recipes, and other necessary information. In the midst of these practical aids to successful home rule certain quotations from Mr. Tupper make a strange appearance.

From Messrs. Dean & Son we have received the "Royal Edition" of *Debrett's Peerage, &c.*, for the current year, edited by Robert H. Mair, LL.D., and as hitherto "personally revised by the nobility." No more striking evidence of the value of this excellent publication could be imagined than the fact that over thirty thousand correspondents were concerned during last year in supplying information to the editor or in aiding the necessary revision. The present issue of *Debrett*—the one hundred and seventy-fourth—records more than three hundred new titles and companionships, while the general election and a change of Ministry have materially added to the labours of compilation. Among other interesting matter in the preface, the editor hints that the Jubilee year is a propitious time for amending the Table of Precedence, which, in his opinion, "sadly needs revision." He also indicates fresh sources of perplexity to the future genealogist in the use of "pet names" by ladies of position on their marriage—"sobriquets that do not bear the slightest resemblance to their baptismal names." His complaint of the number of persons who abstain from perpetuating Christian names frequent among their ancestry, and now no longer fashionable, is a custom of older growth.

Dod's Peerage, Baronage, and Knighthood (Whittaker & Co.) preserves in its forty-seventh issue its useful characteristics of conciseness and accuracy. As a handbook of information, for constant reference, nothing could be better than the arrangement of this publication.

Phillips' Investors' Annual for 1887 (Effingham Wilson) will be found a handy guide to those about to invest. The information given covers a tolerably wide field, and the tables of securities, of maximum and minimum prices during the past year, with the notes on the Stock Exchange, the Limited Liability Acts, American Railways, and the Companies Acts, are brief, pertinent, and trustworthy.

Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston are the publishers of a new Map of Palestine, reduced, by arrangement with the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, from the Survey, by Mr. T. B. Johnston. The map is mounted so as to fold in a compact form for the pocket, is admirably printed and engraved, and provided with a full index to the various sections. The scale is about eleven miles and a quarter to the inch.

We have received new editions of Mr. John Gibson's *Geography made Easy* (Relfe), and *How to Write the History of a Parish*, by the Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D. (Bemrose & Sons).

We have also received *The Clergy List for 1887* (Hall); the three first parts of a revised edition of Mr. James Croston's

(3) *La politique coloniale sous l'ancien régime*. Par L. Pauliat. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Wellington College French Reader*. By A. Calais. London: Nutt.

(5) *Théâtre de jeunes filles*. Par A. Carcassonne. Paris: Ollendorff.

History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster (Heywood); Part V. of *London Marriage Licences, 1521-1869*, transcribed by the late Colonel Chester (Quaritch); *Year Books of the Reign of King Edward III.*, edited and translated by Mr. Luke Owen Pike, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls (Longmans & Co., &c.); and the *United States Government Report on the Social Statistics of Cities*, dealing with the New England and Middle States, compiled by Mr. George E. Waring, jun. (Washington: Department of the Interior).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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